BUTTERFIELD COTTAGE

Jim Dennon

In the pursuit of his education E. A. Bennet devoted considerable attention to the study of the classics and he also pursued a commercial course at Willamette University. In 1887 he left the university and began teaching, his first school being at Mount Angel, after which he followed the profession successively at Newport, Sublimity and Stayton, Oregon, and at La Center, Washington. He then entered the mercantile field in which he continued active for thirteen years before forming his present association with the Capital City Nursery Company of Salem. He has been identified with this concern for the past sixteen years and as president and manager of the company he is at the head of important and extensive business interests, their trade now reaching to Idaho, Montana and Nebraska. They carry a full line of fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery and employ from fifty to seventy-five salesmen. Mr. Bennet maintains his office in his attractive home at No. 1030 Chemeketa street and is proving most capable in directing the interests of the firm. He gives careful oversight to all phases of the business and is constantly endeavoring to extend the trade of the company to new territory, so that his services have become very valuable to the concern.

In 1882 occurred the marriage of E. A. Bennet and Miss Esther Reed of Washington, and they have become the parents of three children: Lidia Theodosia is a teacher in the Jefferson high school at Portland. She married Charles B. Martin, an architect of that city, and they live in their pleasant modern home at Evergreen Station, Clackamas county, Oregon; Dr. N. Paul Bennet is a prominent dentist of Seattle, Washington. He is associated in practice with Dr. Olsen and they maintain offices on Ballard street in that city; the youngest member of the family is Gordon, who is now twelve years of age.

Mr. Bennet's religious faith is indicated by his membership in the Christian church of Salem, in the work of which he takes an active and helpful interest, serving as an elder therein. He is a reliable and progressive business man and citizen and his many commendable traits of character have established him in an enviable position among his fellow townsmen.

---

## HORACE SEELY BUTTERFIELD.

Horace Seely Butterfield was an honored pioneer of the northwest who won prominence as an inventor and merchant, his activities along the latter line contributing in substantial measure to the growth of Portland, while as an inventor he made valuable contributions to the world's work. He was born in Hokah, Minnesota, August 16, 1860, a son of Hiram and Levisa Ann (Selfridge) Butterfield, the former a native of Albany, New York, while the latter was of English parentage.

Horace S. Butterfield was a youth of fifteen years when in 1875 he came to Oregon in company with his father, his mother having previously passed away in Minnesota. He had acquired his education in the schools of his native state and with his father came to the northwest, the family home being established at Eugene. The father there engaged in farming but passed away about a year after reaching Oregon. Horace S. Butterfield became an apprentice to H. N. Crane, a jeweler of Eugene, and in 1878 removed to Portland, where he entered the employ of John A. Beck, a prominent jeweler. He thoroughly acquainted himself with every phase of the business and in 1880 the firm of Butterfield Brothers was organized by Horace S. and A. E. Butterfield, who opened the first exclusive wholesale jewelry and optical goods store established on the Pacific coast. For twenty-five years the firm conducted business at First and Morrison streets and afterward removed to Third and Morrison, occupying space in the Mohawk building. Not only did Mr. Butterfield attain skill in jewelry manufacturing and repairing and win substantial success as a jewelry merchant, but he also made valuable contribution to the science of navigation through his inventions. In 1912 he brought forth an invention known as the Butterfield azimuth chronometer, the value of which met with instant recognition. It was designed to show automatically the momentary azimuths, or bearings of the sun and other celestial objects under observation, continually through the day, night and year, eliminating the use of azimuth tables and all mathematical calculations incident to navigation, geodetic and magnetic problems. Under date of July 19, 1913, the Scientific American Supplement said: "Readers of the Scientific American Supplement this week have the privilege of examining the first published description of an invention which is remarkable for being fundamentally new, both in regard to the results secured by its use and to the mechanism involved, as it is the only thing

of its kind and is capable of securing, automatically and immediately, results which have hitherto been obtained only through long and difficult mental labor. This invention, or discovery, conceived by Horace S. Butterfield, of Portland, Oregon, has been embodied, with the assistance of Olof Ohlson, in a scientific instrument which is called the Butterfield azimuth chronometer. The value of the instrument will be at once apparent to navigators particularly and also to surveyors and others who have occasion to determine terrestrial positions and directions from astronomical observations, when it is realized that by its use the following determinations may be made instantly and automatically, without calculation or reference to tables and with great accuracy. The position of a ship at sea may be found or the latitude and longitude of any spot on the surface of the earth determined. The true directions may be determined independent of the compass and compass errors detected and corrected. Local time may be accurately determined. These determinations may be made at any hour of the day or night when the sun or a known star is visible, even though the period of visibility is very short. Anyone who has even the most elementary knowledge of navigation, or who has ever tried to work out the position of a ship from the usual observations, or who has known the anxiety caused by the uncertainties of the magnetic compass, will understand the inestimable benefit which such an instrument, which saves the time and mental labor, and above all, eliminates the liability of error involved in these determinations, must be.

"The need of an instrument of some sort for simplifying the processes of applying astronomical observations correctly to the uses of navigation became apparent to Mr. Butterfield through information obtained on shipboard, when he became deeply impressed by the facts, well known to all navigators, that an immense amount of time and labor is required to take observations of the sun and stars and work out the position of the ship from these observations, and that errors are liable to occur at all stages of the calculations; that long periods of time frequently elapse in cloudy weather when observations at noon and at the other usual fixed times cannot be taken, and that brief intervals of clearing at other times, when the sun is visible for a few moments, cannot conveniently be made use of for taking observations, and above all, that magnetic compasses are far from reliable, and that the adjustment of their errors is a tedious proceeding and one of constantly recurring necessity.

"The same need has also been given official recognition by the United States navy department. In a circular letter of February 26, 1912, from the acting secretary to all the officers of the navy, attention was called to the fact that the science of nautical astronomy has not advanced as rapidly as other sciences in recent years and that the department was desirous of developing new nautical instruments and new ways of using instruments and principles already available so as to increase the accuracy and ease of determining positions at sea from observations of heavenly bodies; and the officers were urged and encouraged to bring all available new ideas and information relating to new instruments and methods to the attention of the department.

"The methods heretofore necessary and now generally practiced for determining compass errors and adjusting compasses and for determining the position of the observer on the earth's surface by astronomical observations, involve a cumbersome series of observations by the aid of different instruments and complicated calculations, including the solution of a spherical triangle, with reference to numerous tables of constant and variable values. Even certain recently devised methods of simplified navigation, by which more or less close approximations of the true position at sea are obtained, involve a considerable amount of calculation and reference to tables. The use of the Butterfield instrument greatly simplifies the use of the observations to be taken for these purposes and wholly eliminates all calculations, securing results fully as accurate as can be obtained by the most careful observations with the best instruments correctly worked up, and much more accurate than are usually obtained by navigators.

"The salient features of the instrument are, sighting vanes mounted to rotate horizontally on ball bearings in the center of a pelorous plate (which is itself adjustable about the same axis), a timepiece furnished with the usual hands, and a transmission mechanism through which motion is imparted from the timepiece to the sighting vanes at a variable rate, corresponding at each instant to the momentary rate of change in the bearing of the sun or other heavenly body.

"The Butterfield instrument may also be incorporated with the gyroscopic compass, as a synchronized repeater, to give the longitude instantly by direct reading, and may be used individually with the gyro, for quick orientation at the starting of the compass. As the gyro can be depended on always to show the true meridian, longi-

tude is determined when the azimuth chronometer is used as a gyro repeater, by directing the sight vanes toward the sun by manipulation of the timepiece, when the timepiece will indicate local apparent time, which may be readily turned into longitude. It may also be used in the same way as an ordinary pelorous or azimuth instrument for taking observations on chartered objects. The same reasons which make the instrument useful to the navigator, make it equally useful to the surveyor and the engineer in establishing the meridian line and running a course.

"All that has been said above with regard to taking sights on the sun applies to observations on the stars, to obtain the same results at night, provided the star selected for observation has a declination not greater than the maximum declination of the sun and the timepiece is regulated for sidereal time. All declinations within that of the sun are taken care of by adjustments of the declination gear.

"The instrument is adapted to be used also as a precision sundial, but for this purpose the clock movement is not necessary. The hand-setting mechanism is retained and is used to bring the sighting vanes into bearing with the sun, thus automatically setting the clock hands to show local time. A cam designed to correct for the equation of time will be used with the precision sundial to cause the clock hands to show local mean time at any instant."

In 1887 was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Butterfield and Miss Genevieve Newman, a daughter of Thomas and Anna (Roddy) Newman, and to them was born a daughter, Genevieve. Thomas Newman was a native of England, while his wife was a native of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and came of Quaker ancestry. They were married in San Francisco in 1854 and in the same year removed to Salem, Oregon. Mr. Newman was a prominent figure in this state in the early days of its development and progress. He crossed the plains with the Joe Meeks party in 1852. During the plight of the Brother Jonathan, which was wrecked off the California coast, Mr. Newman was one of the few passengers to help save the vessel after it was given up by the officers. He was a prominent figure in the Indian wars of 1861 and 1882, aiding in fighting the Nez Perce Indians and other tribes that went upon the warpath. In the early '80s he and his family removed to Vancouver, Washington, where he remained until 1886, when he came to Portland. In 1887 his wife passed away and in later years Mr. Newman resided in California, his death occurring at Santa Cruz, that state, April 15, 1914, when he had reached the advanced age of eighty-five years. For six decades he had been a valued and exemplary representative of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, his membership being in Good Samaritan Lodge of Portland. He made valuable contribution to the state during its pioneer era and was a man respected and honored wherever known.

Mr. Butterfield never aspired to office, yet was many times requested to become a candidate for official position. He was quiet and unassuming in manner, loved outdoor life and sports and was a well known angler and hunter. He was also the owner of a fine apple orchard in the Hood River valley and there he spent his vacations, finding the development of his apple orchard next in interest to his creative labors in the field of science. Mr. Butterfield was a charter member of Company K, Oregon National Guard, which was organized in 1886 and was composed of Oregon's most prominent men, many of whom became captains of the state's most important industries. He was also a Scottish Rite Mason, belonging to Oregon Consistory of Portland. He passed away April 4, 1917. Through his social and business activities he made many friends who speak highly of his sterling worth, his upright character and his many splendid qualifications. All who knew him bear tribute to his life, and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. He was a man of great kindliness and sympathy as well as of marked ability as a merchant and inventor and he stood prominently among those who pushed forward the wheels of progress in the northwest.

---

## HOWARD B. FREELAND.

Howard B. Freeland, one of the proprietors of the Springfield News, published at Springfield, Lane county, was born in Norfolk, Nebraska, May 17, 1894. He is a son of Henry P. and Helen M. (Buffington) Freeland, the former a native of Greene county, Indiana, while the latter was born in Le Mars, Iowa. The father went west to Nebraska and in that state worked at his trade of harness-making until 1905, when he went

married Thomas Warren Young m. June 15, 1921

children –

Barbara Jane b. July 24, 1925

Patricia Anne b. June ? 14, 1929

Barbara m. Malcolm
Jan Otis b. Apr. 17, 1922
Camas, WA.
m. July 18, 1945
Portland, OR.

a son Thos Blake Otis
b. Feb 8, 1947
Scofield Barracks
Honolulu, T. H.

father in Army
1st Lt. in Dentistry
at Fort Shafter
for 2 yrs –
to army June 1, 1946
San Antonio, TX

Honolulu Sept 16, 1946

SEASIDE MUSEUM AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY
570 Necanicum Drive P.O. Box 1024
Seaside OR 97138

# Butterfield Cottage Interpretative Center

The City of Seaside's economic base has been tourism since its inception in the 1860's, as "Oregons First Seashore Resort".

The Seaside Museum and Historical Society ia a non-profit, educational ins itution, incorporated by the State of Oregon to collect, preserve and interpret materials illustrative of the history of the Seaside area.

In 1984 we were given the Butterfield Cottage. Our objective is to restore it as an interpretative center depicting tourism on the Oregon Coast at the turn of the century.

This project is unique. Other cities are preserving thier large old mansions, but this was not Seasides History. Originally these cottages were built in what is now the west end of Broadway, between Ave A and 1st Ave., and the river and the ocean. They sat in a grove of pine trees and salal known as Grimes Grove. They were built for use in the summer. On Labor Day everyone packed up to go home, not to return until the next summer. The Butterfield is the only cottage remaining from thie era.

It will provide the much needed space for the museum to display its collection of artifacts, depicting tourism of the early 1900's.

To date we have spent $21,000.00 on moving costs, site preperation and a foundation. We recently received a personal grant of $10,000.00 and a matching grant from the Oregon Tourism Alliance for $5,000.00.

We need another $19,000.00 to complete this project. Once completed it will be self supporting.

This will be the only Beach Cottage Museum available to the public in the entire State of Oregon. It will be a major tourist attraction, and I hope you will see fit to fund it.

Contact Person: Helen Gaston 738-8320
Marty Phillips 738-6669

Grantee

US – to George K Gurnee – to public – 29-6-83
~~26 27~~
James Macomber – 13-8-83
Mary G. Howe 30-8-88
Hist. James S. Dairee 24-8-91
wife Laura Horace S and Albert E Butterfield 10-11-92
Estate of ~~Horace~~ ~~Albert E~~ Butterfield 6-11-26
Eugene Butterfield Young. to Albert E. Butterfield 1-11-26
Albert E + wife Butterfield to Albert E jr. + wife 12-11-26 undivide ½
Albert E + wife Jr to Albert E + wife 12-11-26

Albert Eugene Butterfield died – 26-9-~~25~~ 38

Etta J. Butterfield. widow to Theodore Dichter – 20-9-38
Theodore Dichter + wf. to B.W. Otto + wife 3-5-44
Maude I. (wife) of B.W. Otto (dec'd) to Laurence M and Alice M Burtis 12-15-5 (54)
Alice M. Burtis (widow) to George G. and Marion F. Roberts – 9-20-58
Roberts to William J. Manspeaker and Margret L. N/W – 1-3-72
Manspeaker to Douglas and Sandra A Bagwell Dec. 12, 1980
" deeded June 15, 1984

Heritage Journal
Deeded
to the Museum Dec. 1984
+ Historical Society

"H. S. Butterfield Cottage - Built in 1893 - in Grimes Grove."
(except taken from back of photo donated by Genivieve Butterfield Young, daughter of H. S. Butterfield.)
House had two levels with a wrap around porch. An exposed fireplace on the North wall (what is now south wall). Fish scale shingles are on the upper level. (These are still intact on one end on the south wall)
Stick style trim is added to the lower level, over vertical board. (This trim is still intact, however cedar shingles were added, over the vertical boards, between the stick style trim)
The porch railing had spindles. In a 1920's photo the railings had been replaced with solid panels. Only part of the original porch roof remains and should be replaced.

The house was built and remained at the S. E. Corner of Columbia and Oceanway until it was moved on Dec. 1984. to the presant site.
(Information from interview with Altha Kerola in 1985. Mrs. Altha (Robert's ~~first name~~ step mother De Golia) Kerola, S.E. Bush St. Portland, Or. lived in the house from 1908 until she married ~~him~~.

Her mother Emilia "Amelia" "Emma" (Bitterling) Roberts (B. 1883 - D. 1941) lived in the house from 1908 - 1941 ? 1952 For many years she was the caretaker of the Butterfield Cottage and 4 other cottages owned by the Butterfields and located on the Ocean front.

The Butterfield Cottage was used as a rooming house until 1958 ~~1945~~ when it was purchase by Marion Roberts a milliner who operated the House of Roberts until 1972. It was sold to Wm. Mansperker in 1972 and he established an antique shop known as Twenty-one North Columbia. It remained with that name through several antique business and the last a art studio and galery.

~~When it was moved to its~~ its present site.
~~(Information from Altha Kerola, SE Bush St. Portland, Or. from an interview in 1985)~~

Emila "Amelia" Emma Bitterling (1883 - 1961) lived in the house ~~from 1908 1961~~ with her daughter ~~Mrs.~~ Altha[1] ~~Kerola~~ ~~whom was interviewed in~~ from 1908 until

~~For~~ many years Emma was the caretaker of the subject house and 6 other cottages owned by the Butterfield family. It was used as a rooming house (Numbers still remain on the doors upstairs.) ~~xxx~~

In ~~1961~~ Marion Roberts purchased the house and operated a milliner shop known as the House of Roberts[2,3] out of it.

It was sold to Wm. Manspeaker in

and used as a ~~antique~~ shop until 1983.
In 1983 a group

1. Mrs. Altha (Roberts - real maiden name AKA DeGolia) Kerola, S.E. Bush St. Portland, Or. was interviewed in 1985.
2. "House of Roberts" is listed in 1968 Seaside Directory.
3. "House of Roberts" is listed in 1984 Phone Directory.

The "H.S. Butterfield Cottage - Built 1893 in Grimes Grove" in Seaside, Oregon

"Our old house in the Grove at Seaside. Mother Butterfield at Right ... Mrs Knowles at left. House at right is Mrs Knowles. Built in 1893"
(Quote taken from back of photo from the Genivieve Butterfield Young, collection, daughter of H.S. Butterfield.)

The Butterfield Cottage had two levels with a wrap around porch. An exposed fire place ~~on the north wall~~, remains on the inside only. (~~what is now the south wall~~) Fish scale shingles are on the upper level. (These are still intact on one end ~~on the south wall~~.) Stick style trim is added to the lower level, over vertical boards. (This trim is still intact, however shingles were added over the vertical boards, between the stick style trim.) The porch railings had spindles. In a 1920's photo the railing had been replaced with solid panels. Only part of the original porch roof remains.

The house was built and remained at what is now the S.E. corner of Columbia and Ocean Way until it was moved in Dec. 1964.

Althas mother Emiia "Amelia" Emma Bitterling (1883-1961)
married: William Roberts 1899
Married Erniest De Golia
married - "Pete" Peterson
married - Lou Wirth
(daughter of Julius and Louise (Ottinger) Bitterling),
lived in the house from 1908 -
she was the caretaker of the
this cottage and 6 other cottages, owned
by the Butterfields, located on the ocean front.
It was used as a rooming house
(Mrs. Geo.) Marion Roberts
a millinery operated the "House of Roberts"
until . It was sold to Mrs. William
Mansyeaker and they established an antique
shop known as "Twenty-one North Columbia."
It remained with that name through several
antique businesses and an art Gallery
, which was the last business
in it before by the museum.

(DISK 39/EMMASBIO RELOCATED 09/13/85 JMF)

# AN OLD SEASIDE BEACH HOUSE
by Jack M. Fosmark, September 13, 1985

*This paper provides biographical data on a former owner of the old beach house moved to Seaside Museum & Historical Society grounds December 5, 1984.*

## Emilia "Amelia" Emma Bitterling
(Mrs. Roberts-Peterson-Wirth)

In the course of my chat with Winnie Blake (see paper entitled "Conversations with Mrs. Winnie (Harris) Wascher Blake," March 24, 1985), I mentioned that I was writing family history and had run across a distant relative by marriage, Amelia Emma (Bitterling) Roberts-Peterson-Wirth (1883-1961), called Emma, who had been a longtime Seaside resident ~~and business person.~~

Emma was a daughter of Julius W. & Louise (Ottinger) Bitterling, Clatsop County homesteaders of the 1870s, whose genealogy is given later in this paper.

## A Historic House.

Emma had ~~owned~~ an early Seaside house ~~in which she operated a business~~ (described below), which house has, as of now, been relocated ~~four times.~~

~~First located~~ at Prom & Oceanway, it was moved to the ~~northwest corner~~ of the intersection of Broadway & Columbia, ~~then to the southwest corner~~ of the intersection of Oceanway & Columbia (21 N. Columbia), and on December 5, 1984, to the Seaside Museum grounds at the northeast corner where Fifth Avenue tees into Necanicum Drive.

## Millinery & Boarding House.

Emma ran a millinery shop in the home and at one time used ~~it for a boarding house.~~ It was also her own residence. I have been unable to determine the exact dates of her ownership, but believe it was probably sometime between the 1920s and '60s, very broadly speaking.

## Altha DeGolia

Winnie remembered that ~~Emma~~ had made some very nice hats at the millinery. ~~ROBERTS~~ staff

Winnie recalled that an acquaintance named Altha ~~DeGolia~~,

who was about Winnie's age, lived in the house and attended Seaside High School with Winnie. (Winnie was born in 1905.)

*Another oldtime Seasider named Avis (Selnes) Hurd told me that she also recalled a Seaside school girl named Altha who lived at the above-described house with her mother whom Avis thought was a widow. This perhaps was in the 1910s, and the woman and daughter mentioned by Avis are probably Emma and her only daughter, Altha. I knew that Emma had been married perhaps four times, but Winnie's and Avis' mentioning it was first time I had heard the name DeGolia. See my paper "Selnes-Hurd," dated Sept. 6, 1985. -jmf*

## A Remarkable Coincidence

My paternal first cousin Lourella (Bitterling) Webber, identified below, recently told me Emma's only child, now named Mrs. Altha ~~Carola~~ KEROLA (or Karola; Lourella was guessing at the name ~~and its spelling~~) lives on S.E. Bush Street, Portland.

It was not until after my interviews with Winnie and Avis, that I finally fit the pieces together and realized they all three (Winnie, Avis, Lourella) were talking about the same person.

There is little doubt in my mind that the Altha DeGolia named by Winnie Blake and Avis Hurd, are one and the same as the Mrs. Altha ~~Carola~~ KEROLA (or Karola) named by my cousin.

Lourella is trying to contact Altha to obtain genealogical data on her family.

Probably now about age 80, Altha may be able to describe her childhood house and provide information that would be helpful in any attempt by Seaside Musuem & Historical Society to restore or simulate original decor and structural lines.

## Early Clatsop County Homestead

The Julius W. Bitterling family's quarter-section homestead (Southwest one-quarter of Section 24, Township 7 North, Range 10 West) was about one and one-half miles northwest of Melville, which early settlement is about ten miles northeast of Seaside via Lewis & Clark Road, and on that river.

Julius' obituary printed in *The Morning Astorian* of Nov. 30, 1902, states that the Bitterling family had resided on their homestead for the previous quarter of a century.

*(There is practically nothing left of the old Melville site except the post office building which stands vacant and windowless alongside the road, rotting to its foundation. Melville School was reportedly torn down and its lumber used to construct a house about a year after the school district consolidated in 1938. I have assembled considerable data on Melville and interviewed an 88-year-old woman who taught there in 1919. This data is included in a historic paper entitled "Melville," dated September 6, 1985, which is included among those I am donating to an open register at Seaside Museum.)*

There are no structures left standing on the Bitterling homestead. My Seaside neighbor Clarence Mason who maintained Crown Zellerbach roads in the area for many years, told me that any structures that may have still existed were probably leveled when the land was clearcut logged, probably in the 1950 or '60s.

The land, now owned by Crown Zellerbach, has been replanted to hemlock forest and is difficult to traverse by road or afoot, as commercial thinning of the crop has not yet occurred.

On July 19, 1985, I drove over a road that cuts diagonally across the northeast corner of the homestead parcel. A fork off this road switched back to descend gently to a deadend near the southwest corner of the parcel but was so narrow and heavily overgrown with brush as to prevent passage by auto.

Another lower road entering from the west off Highway 101 via Dellmoor Road is blocked by a locked gate. A Mr. Maki reportedly owns the property through which this road passes before it enters Crown Zellerbach lands. County maps show the road as "Lounsberry Road 1009."

Julius W. Bitterling (1842-1902) and his wife Anna Louise (Ottinger) Bitterling (1851-1887), were first buried on their homestead. Their graves were later relocated to the pioneer cemetery behind the Clatsop Plains Pioneer Presbyterian Church, near Warrenton.

Julius, whose present tombstone misdates his death as "November 25, 1903," instead of November 28, 1902, was the father of my uncle-by-marriage, August "Gus" Edward Bitterling (1886-1947).

There were at least five Bitterling children: Julius Albert, Lottie (Mrs. Gutherie), Emilia Emma (the subject), Louise (Mrs. John L. Cole, later Mrs. E.W. Thomson), and August Edward Bitterling.

August married my father's sister, Minnie Dorthea Fosmark. She never remarried after his accidental death from a fall, which occurred in Portland[1] 04/02/1947 while he was working as a carpenter-inspector.

Minnie, born January 8, 1890, at Marion, North Dakota, lives in Oregon City, age 95.

It was August's and Minnie's daughter, my paternal first cousin Lourella "Mickey" (Bitterling) Webber (Mrs. Frank L. Webber, born 04/20/1932), who told me about Emma and Emma's only daughter Altha. Emma at one time during WW II, lived temporarily with Mickey's parents.

## Emma's Several Marriages

Emma, according to my cousin Lourella, was married several times. My research has turned up the names of three husbands.

But Lourella's older sister Delores (Bitterling) Friedrich of Canby thinks there may have been four. (yes)

The other husband, ~~possibly~~ number two, was ~~probably~~ named DeGolia, as indicated by the name Altha DeGolia, Emma's only daughter discussed above. I make this association based solely on Avis Hurd's statement that Altha lived in the old Seaside beach house ~~and millinery~~ (no) with her mother, whom Avis believed was a widow.

Here is the ~~probable~~ lineup of husbands of Emma Bitterling:

William Roberts was ~~probably~~ her first. (Marriage license issued Astoria 06/17/1899, per *The Astoria Daily Budget*, Saturday, June 17, 1899, p. 4, microfilm reel #13 at Astoria Public Library — as transcribed in my family history.)

The Mr. DeGolia mentioned above was ~~possibly~~ her second husband. I presently have no other data on him or the marriage.

See my TAPED + TRANSCRIBED INTERVIEW WITH ALTHA

Peter Pedersen

Another (~~possibly~~ her third) husband, was "Pete" ~~Peterson~~. I have no data on him except that he was a Seaside commercial clam digger, an uninhibited soul who allowed the Pacific Ocean on its routine high tide cycle to swallow up the family car.

Another (~~possibly~~ Emma's fourth), was Lou Wirth also of Seaside. Wirth (we are guessing at the spelling), later remarried August E. Bitterling's first wife Henrietta "Etta" (maiden name unknown). That's what I'd call keeping it in the family.

My prim and proper 95-year-old aunt Minnie, whom I love very much and would not want to hurt, when I inquired about her husband August's first marriage (through her daughter Laurella), asked, "What does he want to know all of that for!"

The fact that August had divorced "Etta" before his marriage to Minnie, was something known to Minnie's children, but wasn't talked about. Divorce was not so common in those days.

But of course the divorce and remarriage were public records I routinely discovered during my research, which data is now included in family group charts as part of my history papers.

## Optimists vs Pessimists

As I write, Emma's old beach house still sits on the mover's steel I-beams and timbers at the SM&HS grounds.

The society reportedly applied for national historic building status for the house but was denied because additions had been made during past remodeling. I do not have at hand the facts of this matter. The application was reportedly handled by the previous president, Mr. Al Butcher.

Al B. lied to me about this.

The society's indebtedness to the mover has been paid off.

The society, sorely in need of substantial monetary support and benefactors, offered the house for sale during August 1985.

When no offers were received, and complaints were received at city hall that the house was an eyesore, the city manager and new president of SM&HS, Mrs. Helen Gaston, met to discuss disposition.

At this meeting it was suggested that about two weeks should be sufficient for the society to either get a firm financing commitment to permanently install the house or else dispose of it. Since there were no buyers standing in the curtains, the remaining alternative was to have the venerable house burned to the ground by Seaside Volunteer Fire Department!

At the September 5, 1985, regular monthly meeting of SM&HS, the house at one time was within a gavel stroke of being condemned to the flames.

The majority of opinion was against preserving it because the expense involved exceeded money on hand.

It was my first attendance at a meeting, and I was there for the purpose of meeting the society and obtaining their approval to inventory and register all objects in the museum. Yet, when I saw this sad turn of events, I asked to speak.

I asked the members present to consider the good will of townsfolks and society members who had contributed toward the nearly $14,000 cost of relocating the house on museum grounds. I asked, "What would they think if they saw their money going up in smoke? How eager would they be in the future to open their wallets for society projects?"

That is all I asked. I did not suggest solutions to the problem of money.

Mr. Clarence Sigurdson, a pillar in the founding of the society and whose voice carries significant weight, took the floor and stated, "There is some merit to what he says. ..."

At this, the tide of opinion turned in favor of preserving and restoring the old beach house. Members voted to send their president to city hall to ask for a loan sufficient to at least put the house on a permanent foundation and connect it to utilities.

When concern was expressed that the need to meet codes might involve additional costs for rewiring, plumbing, etc., Mrs. Gaston, assured society members that as long as the house was used for historical purposes, city utilities could be connected to existing fixtures and the house put to use, just as it is.

Armed with a most favorable report of feasibility and structural soundness prepared by architect Gary Papers, Mrs. Gaston went before city council on Septemer 9.

The council seemed unanimously in favor of granting a loan of about $7,500. They seemed to be saying, "We are favorably inclined to grant the loan, but work with our staff and come up with a more concrete plan."

The council wisely suggested that the society return with three bids describing costs for specific work to be performed, and also define its collateral for the loan. Then, provided the loan be granted, disburse payments in increments based on

various phases of job completion, and make payment only after inspection and approval by a qualified person.

The new Seaside Signal managing editor, Brooks Dareff, present at the Sept. 9 council meeting for his first time, did not report (on Mrs. Gaston's portion of the agenda) in the Signal of Sept. 12.

The Daily Astorian, possibly out of courtesy to the Signal, held off their report of the event, until September 12, the date of publication of the weekly Signal. The Daily Astorian gave almost six inches of coverage to the event. (See copy of article attached.)

City Manager Larry Lehman also made significant mention of it on an interview aired on KSWB Radio, Sept. 10, 1985. (See my transcription attached.)

It appears as though the optimists may yet have their day.

-*-*-*-

ATTACHMENTS:

1. Copy of SM&HS ad in The Daily Astorian of Aug. 5/6, 1985, offering house for sale.
2. Transcription of city manager's KSWB Radio report, Sept. 10, 1985.
3. Copy of The Daily Astorian article of Sept. 12, 1985.

# On the Road Again?

Ads I clipped from The Daily Astorian issues of Aug. 5 and 6, 1985. — JMF

**Miscellaneous For Sale 114**

MAKE an offer to move or salvage 7 room historic beach house. 5th Ave. and Necanicum Dr., next to Seaside Museum building. For information call 738-7981, 738-8320. Mail offers to Seaside Museum Society, PO Box 1024, Seaside, OR 97138. Society reserves right to reject any and all offers.

THE DAILY ASTORIAN, Astoria, Oregon

Tuesday, August 6, 1985 • Page 11

**Miscellaneous For Sale 114**

MAKE an offer to move or salvage 7 room historic beach house. 5th Ave. and Necanicum Dr., next to Seaside Museum building. For information call 738-7981, 738-8320. Mail offers to Seaside Museum Society, PO Box 1024, Seaside, OR 97138. Society reserves right to reject any and all offers.

(DISK 39/MRLEHMAN 09/10/85 JMF)

CITY MANAGER'S REPORT
Aired on KSWB Radio, Sept. 10, 1985

*Q = KSWB.*
*A = City Manager Larry Lehman.*

Q. There was some discussion last night about the house moved by Seaside Museum & Historical Society.

A. Yes, there has been quite a bit of discussion about that. If you'll recall, when the Heritage Square was built, the building was moved down from there to the property by the museum.

The property that the museum sits on is city property.

The house that was moved down there, has some historical significance ... I'm told.

Then it was hauled down there and there were no funds available to go ahead and put it on a foundation, fix it up, and so forth. They have been working on that for a number of months trying to come up with some kind of solution.

They did approach the council last night, explaining where they've been, what the problems are, and asking the council if the city would loan the historical society some funds to at least put the house on a foundation and get it off ... to first of all make it basically a safe building.

Q. To make it a little more attractive ...

A. Correct. Then ... once that is done, then they could go inside and start work on the inside of it.

The council last night, I would say, appeared optimistic on doing that. They did not give approval but they seemed to be saying, "Come on back with an alternative plan."

So the staff will be working with the historical society to come up with a plan that <that answers the questions>... What are we going to do and what's the the policy for doing it? And if we loan them the money how can it be paid back? What kind of collateral can we have?

So they <the historical society> will be looking at it and most likely go back to the council, at the September 23rd meeting, with a concrete plan that can be either approved or disapproved.

That's what happened last night.

*Transcription by Jack M. Fosmark*

-*-*-*-

THE DAILY ASTORIAN, Astoria, Oregon • Thursday, September 12, 1985 • Page 3

# City may make 'house improvement' loan

SEASIDE — City government may loan the Seaside Historical Society between $7,000 and $10,000 in contingency funds to put a recently moved historic structure on safer footing.

Lack of money has prevented the society from putting the house on a foundation since it was moved this summer to city-owned property near Fifth Avenue and Necanicum Drive. Before being moved, the turn-of-the-century house was located on the site of what is now Heritage Square.

"We've been under some pressure from local residents to get something done with it," said City Manager Larry Lehman.

The City Council discussed an evaluation of the structure at its Monday night meeting. According to the evaluation done by architect Gary Papers, the house is a sound structure that would make a suitable museum of "common, middle-class beach living."

Society president Helen Gaston, who discussed the house with the council, was asked to return Sept. 23 and outline her group's program for restoration of the structure.

If the council likes the program, it may approve loaning the contingency funds to allow a foundation to be built, said Lehman. He said the funds would not be enough to fix up the house's appearance, but would at least make it possible to complete work inside.

# Society wins approval for foundation

SEASIDE — The Seaside Historical Society and Museum won approval last week to turn back the clock.

Approval means that an aging beach house rescued last December from the Broadway improvement project will get a final resting place along the Necanicum River. City planning commissioners agreed 5-1 to permanently situate the house at Fifth Avenue, on the west side of the river.

Originally at 21 N. Columbia St., the house was built in 1893 and had been owned through the years by the Butterfield family and later by the Roberts family, according to museum Chairman Helen Gaston. It is typical of middle-class beach houses at the turn of the century, she said.

In the 1960s, the structure was known as the House of Roberts, when it was used as a millinery shop. It also had been a boarding house at one time, Mrs. Gaston said.

Last December, when crews began clearing Columbia Street to build Heritage Square, museum representatives acquired the house and moved it next door to their headquarters on Fifth Avenue. The house has remained on blocks since then, while museum officials sought financing to renovate it.

By the time the support blocks began sprouting weeds, some neighbors had begun to complain about the wooden structure, saying it blocked their view of the river, according to Planning Director Dick Pearson.

Museum officials "are negotiating to get funding" to restore the house, Mrs. Gaston told the planning commission Tuesday night.

"Our hopes are to get it done right away," she said. "We have bids out. We know what has to be done to the building," Mrs. Gaston added.

The house will be used primarily as a museum exhibit, displaying the lifestyle of middle-class Oregon coast families at the turn of the century. When renovated, about 30 people will be able to tour the house at any given time, Mrs. Gaston said.

NEW HOUSE — "Hyland," as the summer house was called, is pictured above at the turn of the century. Pictured is one of the original owners, Mrs. H.A. Butterfield, left, and a neighbor, Mrs. Knowles.

OLD HOUSE — The 92 year-old house is one of the few buildings remaining that escaped the 1912 Seaside fire. To save it or not to save it is now the question.

Signal photo

# To restore or to demolish, that is the question

By Brenda Pittsley
Community Editor

The old house has obviously seen better days. It perches precariously on cement blocks and steel grids, its windows broken and its interior walls hanging in shreds.

Back in 1893, when it was built, it was an elegant vacation house. Later it was home to a boarding house, a millinery shop and an antique store. Now it stands vacant in an undeveloped lot next to the Seaside Museum, 570 Necanicum Dr., waiting its final fate: to be demolished or restored as an annex for the museum.

The question has been put to a vote by the Seaside Museum and Historical Society six times since it acquired the building, December, 1984. The result has never been conclusive, according to Helen Gaston, president.

A new ballot, which will be final, has just been mailed out to the approximately 200 historical society members. The two legal-size sheets list the many pros and cons of saving or scraping the historic "Hyland" as it was called in the late 1800s.

Previously located on the lot where Heritage Square sits now, the house was donated by Bert Simpson, co-owner of the new mall.

In the arguments supporting restoration of the house it is pointed out that it contains 1,860 square feet of potential museum display, retail and meeting space. It still has the original tongue and grove walls, kitchen cabinets, bathroom fixtures and fir floors.

Total cost of restoration, including $15,000 in moving fees, is estimated at $30,000.

A preliminary physical inspection was conducted last May by Garry Papers, an architect certified with the National Historic Preservation League who works for Historic Dimensions in Portland.

In his report he said, "I heartily support the concept of a 'living house' exhibit of beachside living at the turn of the century...Generally the structure is in very sound condition for a building of its age. Floor joists do not show rot or deflection...The house is a sound structure which should be considered an economical and sturdy utility space."

However, the other side of the divided house argues that time and financial considerations are too great to save the old summer home. Even after restoration, the demolish side says the society would "still have an old building. Would the historic interest in the old house justify these costs%"

In the past year, the house has also been offered for sale with no takers even when it was offered for scrap, Gaston said.

Members of the community will not be allowed a say in the decision unless they are willing to join the society by paying the $7.50 a year dues. This may be done by visiting the museum or writing the society at P.O. Box 1024, Seaside 97138. To be counted, the ballot must be in by Nov. 1.

In related news, the museum is now open seven days a week, 1-4 p.m.

**THE HOUSE THAT BUTTERFIELD BUILT** has been granted new life by Seaside Museum and Historical Society members, who have voted to renovate the structure. From left to right stand board members Helen Gaston, Clarence Sigurdson, Clara Kemhus, Inez Hanson, Edith Ingram (honorary member), Linn Ober and Laurene Hawley.
(Signal photo by Brooks Dareff)

# Society vote saves Butterfield house

**by Brooks Dareff**
**managing editor**

The old Butterfield house will stand.

So it was decreed by a 54-34 vote of the Seaside Museum and Historical Society, whose board of directors met Monday, Nov. 4 to tally the votes and plan its next move.

Built in 1893 as a vacation house, the structure originally owned by the H.A. Butterfields has gone through several manifestations since then. It became a boarding house, a millinery shop and an antique store before the current proposal to resurrect it surfaced in December, 1984, when Bert Simpson, co-owner of the new mall, donated it to the museum.

Transported from its original location at the current site of Heritage Square, it now sits on cement blocks and steel grids at 570 Necanicum Drive, waiting to become the Seaside Museum's annex.

"We're talking about the priority of getting foundation work done," said Board Member Clarence Sigurdson.

Next on the board's agenda, said President Helen Gaston, will be to solicit three bids for the renovation work. The Seaside Planning Commission has already granted the Society a conditiosnal use permit.

Once bids are received, the Seaside City Council said in September, the City will consider a loan to help fund the project. At that meeting, Gaston suggested an annual repayment not exceeding $2000. The Council next meets Nov. 25 and the society hopes to be on the agenda for that meeting, Gaston said.

Membership in the Society is now probably over 300, and has increased by about 30 or 35 since the ballot was announced and published in the September newsletter, Secretary Jane Radosky said. Along with increased interest comes more revenue, to the tune of $7.50 per year per member.

"Now I think we have over $1000 in our possession," Sigurdson said.

Total cost of renovation has been estimated at $30,000, but bids on the project are still forthcoming, Gaston said.

The building has its original tongue and groove walls, kitchen cabinets, bathroom fixtures and fir floors and is in "very sound condition," according to a report by Garry Papers, a Portland architect certified with the National Historic Preservation League.

21
North
Columbia

# HERITAGE SQUARE MERCHANTS

Proclaim the week of November 24-30 as

# HERITAGE WEEK

**Butterfield Cottage** now located next to the Seaside Museum on 5th and Necanicum was once nestled on the Heritage Square site. The Seaside Museum and Historical Society is now making plans to restore the historic beach cottage. We want to help.

To help preserve our rich heritage, participating **Heritage Square Merchants will donate one (1) dollar for each ten (10)** we take in, Sunday, Nov. 24 through Wednesday, Nov. 27, **for the restoration of Butterfield Cottage.**

Participating merchants will be designated by posting this ad in their stores.

**Heritage Week Continues**

Nov. 29-30 & Dec. 1

with our

**HOLIDAY OPEN HOUSE**

Details in next week's Signal

Rare Discovery, Holiday Tree, Ginger's Knitting Nook, Miriam's Hodge Podge, Natural Nook Uptown, Fair Winds, The Corner Gifts, Changing Fancies, Origins, Tooie and Lollies Candlery, Donelda's International Boutique, The Loose Goose, Seadna Antiques, Neptunes Paper Capers, The Sand Box, Champagne & Roses, Mika Do Japanese Restaurant and The Food Prom

**Corner of Broadway & Columbia, Seaside**

## In brief

# No bidders on house project

SEASIDE — The old house that sat at 21 N. Columbia St. for 91 years can wait another month for a new home, the Seaside City Council decided Monday night.

After hearing a report on efforts to find a contractor to renovate the old Heritage House — as it's sometimes called — the council tabled a request for a $4,000 municipal loan.

It seems finding a bidder to build a foundation for the structure, which has sat on blocks for more than a year at 570 Necanicum Drive, has become a problem. It seems no one wants to bid, said Helen Gaston, director of the Seaside Museum and Historical Society. Contractors reportedly have told Mrs. Gaston they're too busy.

On Monday, she told the council that efforts to find a bidder are continuing.

Councilors decided to wait until next month to determine whether the society's membership would be supportive of becoming a department of the city, with a tax base.

The society has received no money from the city — yet.

# Man sentenced to 5-year probation

An Astoria man was placed on probation for five years after pleading guilty to unauthorized use a motor vehicle, attempting to [illegible] police officer and reckless

[illegible]lt, 28, of 3 [illegible]ed last [illegible]nit

The Daily Astorian—BEN WINTON

**In recent years, a beach house up for renovation has been called The Heritage House, after the Heritage Square shopping mall that occupies its original site.**

# *Beach house restoration project finds few takers*

By BEN WINTON
Of The Daily Astorian

SEASIDE — These days, the problem isn't finding good help. It's finding any help at all.

At least that's the impression left with the director of the Seaside Museum and Historical Society. It seems that practically no one wants to bid on a project to renovate a 91-year-old beach house.

Since October, the non-profit group has been attempting to get someone to build a foundation and retrofit the structure at the society's headquarters, 570 Necanicum Drive, said Director Helen Gaston.

Two bids were received in October, but they failed to meet specifications, she said. A second request for bids went out in December, but no one responded, Mrs. Gaston said.

"And now we're going out and twisting people's arms to try and get them to bid," she said.

As of late last week, that hasn't been working too well either, Mrs. Gaston said. "Everybody we've talked to says they're too busy."

Part of the society's problem appears to be that it has limited bids to Seaside contractors. Last week, the directors expanded their search to the entire county for someone to work on the building.

Two contractors have indicated they may bid.

"But we don't know whether any of them are going to come through," she said.

What the society particularly needs is someone who can build a foundation so that the building can be moved off of wooden blocks, where it has sat for more than a year. Weeds have begun to sprout around the blocks, and neighbors several times have complained to city officials that the structure is an eyesore in its present state.

Repair work to the interior and exterior walls most likely could be completed by volunteers, according to Mrs. Gaston.

A city loan will finance repair and renovation work.

In 1893, the house was built at 21 N. Columbia St. as a summer cottage. It was moved in December 1984 to make room for a shopping mall called Heritage Square.

In the 1920s, the house was drastically remodeled and enlarged. The Butterfield family originally owned it. Then the Roberts family acquired it in the 1920s, according to historical society records.

In the 1960s, it was used as a milinery shop called The House of Roberts.

Mrs. Gaston said she hopes to report to the Seaside City Council tonight on the bid process.

Anyone wishing to bid on the work should contact Mrs. Gaston at 738-8320 or after hours at 738-7065.

S.S. 09-02-87

# Obitua

## Marion Roberts

Marion Faith Roberts, owner and operator of "The House of Roberts" Hat Shop in Seaside for many years, died here March 23. She was 83.

Mrs. Roberts was born May 22, 1903, to Charles E. and Lola Venon Bockman in Portland. She married George Roberts in Portland Oct. 22, 1923. He died in 1972.

Mrs. Roberts attended school in Portland, and worked at Olds & King Department Store. After her marriage, she traveled with her husband, who worked for Shell Oil Co.

After he retired in 1960, the couple moved to Seaside from Klamath Falls.

Mrs. Roberts was a member of the Daughters of the Nile and Calvary Episcopal Church.

Graveside services for Mrs. Roberts were held at 11 a.m. Thursday, March 26 at Ocean View Cemetery in Warrenton. Rev. Robert Bunnage of Calvary Episcopal Church in Seaside officiated. Arrangements were under the care of Hughes-Ransom Mortuary in Seaside.

Survivors include a brother, Charles Bockman of Seaside; a nephew, Robert Peterson of Beaverton, and several nieces and nephews.

NO RELATIONSHIP TO ALTHA ROBERTS KEROLA.

The House of Roberts was apparently located in Butterfield Cottage ~~but I have not confirmed that.~~ 11.9.87 JMF

CONFIRMED - HELEN GASTON HAS DETAILS. JMF 1.21.89

Seaside Signal
"Oktoberfest" insert
1988

# Monies raised benefit local community projects

The Seaside Oktoberfest Association, the non-profit organization that sponsors the event, has as one of its primary goals a mission to help worthwhile community projects get the financial support they need.

The five-year-old festival has already given more than $8,000 to a variety of projects in the Seaside Area.

Over the past several years, Seaside Kids has been attempting to develop new ballfields in Seaside. The Oktoberfest has donated $5,500 in support of this project.

Other recipients are: Seaside Museum and Historical Society — $1,070; Sunset Empire Park and Recreation District — $917; Seaside Parent/Child Preschool —$400; and, Adventureland Preschool — $400.

So when you are enjoying this year's Oktoberfest, maybe you can have a little more fun knowing that monies raised by the event will help make the North Coast community a better place to live.

**FOR A GOOD CAUSE** — Seaside Oktoberfest Association board member William MacLean awards a check for $1,070 to Aurora Jones, representing the Seaside Museum and Historical Society, for work on refurbishing the Butterfield Cottage, the Museum's late 19th century beach cottage. (Signal photo)

Interview with
ALTHA (ROBERTS) KEROLA
Transcribed by Jack M. Fosmark

*Transcription of a tape recording made at the Seaside residence of Jack M. Fosmark, 11 a.m., October 12, 1985. Present at the start were Ernest Emil Kerola, 83, his wife Altha Willamena Roberts Kerola, 79, and Jack M. Fosmark. Arriving later, around 12:30, was Mrs. Helen Gaston, current president of the Seaside Museum & Historical Society. Jane Thompson Rodasky, secretary of SM&HS came in around 12:40 p.m. and stayed about 20 minutes, but did not speak. The meeting ended at 1:40 p.m.*

*The Kerolas came in the kitchen door. They first admired the wood carvings in the kitchen and dining room, then entered the living room. Altha had just noticed the beachrock fireplace when the tape recording started.*

J. That fireplace was built by a guy named John Royce; you may know him.
A. Yeah. He lived up there, by the gunsmith.
J. Can I get you over here by the microphone so I can get you ... <Altha hands Jack three black and white photos.>
A. That's my mother and I.
J. It had a porch then too, didn't it.
A. Oh yes, it had a porch. They enclosed it.
J. Look at this. <1893 photo of Butterfield cottage.> Does that look familiar to you?
A. No. That isn't our place.
J. You don't think so?
A. I know it.
J. This was taken in 1893.
A. Well then ...
J. Look at this.
E. You weren't born yet!
A. No, I wasn't. But you see here. Out here. That was a room out there. And you would come in the door and went over and that was a room there with the fireplace ... er... ah <corrects herself> the chimney and all.
J. That would have been an addition in back of the chimney.
A. Yeah. Yeah, and it came out back, over here. Then the chimney went up here and then this room and this porch from here, came clear over here. Because, see there's a jog here, because this out here was the dining room ... and there's nothing here that shows that.
J. Here. You can see the jog there. It's sticking out.
A. Yeah, then, yeah. That's the dining room. Then there's two bedrooms upstairs. The stairway from the living room. You came in the, let's see now, door here, dining room there and a room

here, then you went right here and the stairway went up this way, and this way. And then beside the stairway was a hallway here. And the kitchen was out here. The bathroom was there and the bathtub was underneath the stairway!
J. Sounds about the way it is yet today. Was the stairway very narrow?
A. Yeah.
J. It went up and turned and went up the other way?
A. Yeah.
J. Sounds like the way it was originally.
E. What did Ed do to that house? Did Ed do anything to that house?
<August Edward Bitterling, 1886-1947, married my father's sister Minnie Dorthea Fosmark, October 3, 1917. He was a brother to Altha's mother Emma. I called him uncle "Gus" or "August," because that is what his wife called him. However, Altha called him uncle "Ed." She called his wife "Dorothy," whereas I called her Minnie as that is what her siblings, including my father, called her.>
A. No.
E. What house did Ed work on. Was that down below?
A. Well He might have repaired something.
E. Yeah. He done something.
A. Yeah. He repaired something that probably was worn out or something.
E. Well then, how come your mother was paying for it when the house didn't belong to her?
J. Who are these people?
A. Oh, he was adding a woodshed and all in back there. Yeah. We didn't remodel it, we just repaired it.
E. I'd been wondering about that.
A. Yeah.
J. Who was that that did the work?
A. Uncle Ed.
J. Oh! Ed Bitterling.
A. Yeah. He was a carpenter.
J. I keep calling him "Gus" all the time. You see our family called him August. Minnie called him that. We called Dorothy "Minnie." She doesn't like that name.
A. I've never heard that. She was always "Aunt Dorothy."
J. Yeah. Well her real name is Minnie Dorthea FOSMARK ... <pronounced> Door-tee-uh really; it's a Norwegian name.
A. Oh.
J. In my family we called Ed "August."
A. She always called him August and my mother didnt like it either. It made her so mad.
J. So Ed did some work on that (house) then?
A. Yeah, he ...
J. Just repairs?
A. Yeah. Repairs. He ...
J. Was that ...
A. And the kitchen, you know, had a pantry.
J. Yeah. It's still there.
A. Is it?

J. Yeah ... signs of it.
A. Yeah. Well, mother had him repair some stuff that, you know, that was going. He made some shelves and things like that for her.
J. That <house> had all wainscoting inside of there, didn't it?
A. <No answer.>
J. Tongue-and-groove walls. Do you remember those?
A. No. I don't remember. Just walls to me.
J. We see wainscoting down under there now. It's called tongue-and-groove or beaded tongue-and-groove. The dining room is beaded tongue.
E. Do you think somebody bought that house?
A. Well, Mr. Otto bought the building. Because they were .. There was the two of them there. Because they were going to be torn down or condemned unless somebody lived there. So he asked mother if she wanted to live there. So we, mother was divorced and then single, and so we moved there. And it needed some work done and, and so uncle Ed did the work for us.
E. I mean now. Somebody must have bought it, or it was up under the city, I wonder.
A. No. That's the ... historical ... that has it now.
J. Yeah. The Seaside Museum. They are trying to save it. But they are very divided on it. They haven't got the money to fix it up and are having trouble making up their minds whether to burn it or fix it. That decision isn't made yet.
A. Now you see, over on this side of the place, here, it was high, a big knoll, and some Portland people owned it and they had a big house on it; then they built a few motels, when motels came in, that's what went in there. But in the back of here, of this, was a tent city.
<See copy of the three photos Altha brought to me. One shows the house on the "knoll" of which she speaks, above. It would have been to the north of her house, across on the opposite (northeast) corner of Columbia and Oceanway from her house.>
J. When was this first photo taken; when was that taken, do you remember? Do you know those people in there?
A. That's me and my mother! The little one's my mother.
J. Oh! I should have figured. Okay. So that's you there. Are you a teenager then?
A. Oh, yeah. I think I was 14 in this picture.
J. Then how old are you in this?
A. Twelve, or something like that.
J. That young?
A. Oh yeah.
J. Okay. So this would have been the oldest of the two, when you were 12. What about this one?
A. Fourteen, about 14.
J. Okay, 14 here.
A. This is a big doll here, when she wore my baby clothes and ... my toddler clothes. And my mother had to have a picture of her.
J. What does this sign say up here?
A. I don't know what we called it. As I remember, my mother called it <the house> the "Willamena." That was me, Altha

Willamena was my name.
J. Okay. I was going to ask you what your middle name was.
A. I think that's what that <sign> was, "Willamena." I don't like the name, but my mother ...
J. Now this <1893> picture that I've got; Genevieve Butterfield Young said <about it>, "This is our old house in the grove at Seaside; Mother butterfield at right, Mrs. Knowles at the left." She <Mrs. Knowles> lived in the house at the right <in the photo>.
A. That's the other house.
J. They were identical?
A. Yeah. Well that's it! <Here Altha reverses her intitial judgment that the house in the 1893 photo was not the one she lived in as a child. Now she is saying it is.> You see this was just dirt road here. All these trees here, of course, in later years were cut down.
J. This was a long time before you ...
A. Well, you see I wasn't born until 1906. So that would have been it!. And you see this out here; mother had him fix the dining room. Mother had him fixing the dining room there.
J. Was that because of the furnace or something? Because it looks like some of the floor was ripped up at one time. Was there ever? Where a furnace was?
A. No. No. All we had was a wood stove, you know, we had the fireplace, over here. And they had ivy growing all up on the chimney. And it got into, and being old, it got into the mortor and that commenced to fall off and they tried to pull the ivy off and the darned thing, when they did, all the bricks and everything came off. So they just boarded it up inside and we had a wood heater there.
J. So this was your room up here?
<She had earlier told me her room was the one upstairs in front with the double windows.>
A. Yeah. That was my room. And this room here, that was a room there. And then in back there off the living room, that was a great big bedroom; and that was my mother's.
J. That was downstairs?
A. Downstairs. yes. And <upstairs> there was one here <her own>, and one in back, a small bedroom in back of this bedroom.
J. Ok. Upstairs, right?
A. Yes. Where the stairs came up, the door came right straight to this room <hers> and then at the top of the stairs you had a door here, and there was a small room there.
J. They enlarged that. You see, they later built a bigger addition on the top of this room <her mother's first-floor rear bedroom>. So they added that, and they have also since ...
A. And the porch. Does it show you that it goes on the side too? Yeah. The porch kinda went over on the side, over to the dining room.
J. Okay. Now they've added a dormer up here that sticks out this way now. <I refer to upstairs, present north side.> And a room over this side, too. Did you notice that?
A. No. I wouldn't know. I don't know who put that up. No.
J. Do you know when that was built?

A. No. That would have been after we lived there.
J. It doesn't show in this picture.
A. No. We didn't have anything up there. It was just those two rooms is all that was up there.
J. Well, I'd like to copy these photos and get them back to you. I'd like to get it done today.
A. Well, there's no big hurry, 'cause we are leaving Tuesday morning for California.
J. I want to be sure to get your address down there. maybe I should do that right now while I'm talking about it. Why don't you sit down over here, then I can get you by the microphone. I can be able to hear this.
A. Did you make these, too? <She refers to Northwest Coast Indian style ladles I carved.> My goodness! Gee!
J. Yes. Those are ladles ... What's your address in Portland first?
A. 3932 S.E. 149th, Portland, Oregon 97236. On the corner of 149th and Center. We are having the telephone disconnected and won't be having one until we get back from California.
J. And in California?
A. In California were are at the Golden Village, and our address is: 37250 West Florida, Hemet, CA 92343. Telephone ... I don't know what our number is. Do you remember?
E. No. You can leave messages there and they'll put it on the billboard.
J. I have a list of a hundred questions for you, but ... just to give us something to talk about. I want you to help me do some group charts. Stay right there and I'll bring them over. I've done a lot of history on the Bitterling family. But we'll do yours first. What is you husband Ernest's middle name?
A. Emil.
J. E-m-i-l?
A. Yes.
J. When was he born?
A. June 14, 1902. Flag Day. I always put the flag out for him.
J. Where at?
A. Winnipeg, Canada. He was only two weeks old ... See his folks came all the way from Finland to Astoria. And "mother" was expecting him and they landed in ... Where did you land, Honey?
E. In New York.
A. New York.
E. The harbor, what do you call it? Ah...
A. Well, anyway, and she took .. they got on a train ...
E. They were in quarantine for two weeks and that's what held up my birth.
A. They got on a train, coming down through Canada. So they took her off the train and put her in the hospital and the dad with the daughter came on to Astoria. He couldn't remember where he left her. Her brother had to go through the American Consul to locate her.
J. Where did they come from in Finland?
A. Kokkola, Finland.
E. I went back. We went back to Winnipeg to see where I was

born at when I was 70 years old. I told the boys, "Do you think they'd know me?" "Oh yeah! They'd know ya!" How would they know me? I was a baby!
J. When were you married?
A. June 17, 1928, Seaside.
J. What was you father's name, Ernie?
E. Emil Andrew.
J. Do you remember when he was born, and died?
E. No.
A. They're also in Oceanview. Mother and dad, both. Dad was 78 when he died and he died in July. They celebrated on the Fourth of July their 60th anniversary. And he took sick right after that and died.
J. Age what?
A. He was 78.
J. Do you have any idea what year that was in July?
A. I don't know. And his mother died; she lived with us then.
J. What was her name?
A. Hilma.
J. What was her middle name?
E. I don't even remember her middle name.
J. What was her maiden name.
A. Westman.
E. Westman.
E. her brother was ... wait a minute. He was 93, Westman, when he died.
A. I don't know.
J. How do you spell Westman?
A. W-e-s-t-m-a-n. And I was eight when she died.
J. Age eight. She's up there buried in Oceanview, too?
A. Yes. Now they are up on the hill. Do you know Oceanview?
J. I've been past it, but not through it ... yet. But I'm going to go there! <I meant I was going to go there to do family history research. It had slipped my mind that I had been pallbearer for Seaside friend Dave Hendrickson's sister Grace S. Raymer, so had been there to help bury her, Dec. 21, 1984.>
A. I was going to say, when you come in the gate you go right straight through and then the road turns this way and when you come through this, here, you pass the vets' cemetery and you make this curve and over here, a hill, is the Civil War and across over here is the Spanish War veterans. And Pete <Altha's step-father Peter Pedersen> is right next to the right in the Spanish-American. That's Pete's. Then you go over from that, along the bottom there next to the lake and you'll see a headstone. When I first buried my father you couldn't have headstones, just a flat thing. Then, when my mother died, I could have a high one. So I got one. And there's a ... and their headstone, I've got a rose that comes down like that. And Dad's is on this side of that rose, and mother's is on that ... on the headstone, right down below it.
J. Okay.
A. And aunt Lou ... Louise. Their <the Bitterling children's> youngest sister. See, her husband is buried further on down there.

<Reference is to Louise Bitterling, who first married John L. Cole, May 23, 1904, at Astoria. Her second husband was Ernest W. Thomson, whom she married February 12, 1910 at Warrenton, Ore. I assume it is the latter husband Altha refers to as being buried beside her aunt Lou at Oceanview Cemetery, Warrenton.>
J. Louise? Originally a Bitterling?
A. Oh Yes. She was the youngest girl.
J. The youngest Bitterling girl.
A. Yes. Yeah, there were five of 'em. You see grandma died at ...
J. <I finally locate Louise Bitterling in my family group charts.> Oh. She (Louise) was buried at Oceanview, too? <I enter data.>
A. Yes. She was on the same side (of the cemetery). And further on ... and her husband's name was ...
J. Thomson.
A. Yes. Thomson.
J. That was her second husband, according to what I have here.
A. Yeah. She was married to Cole first.
J. John Cole.
A. Yes. John. Yes. She had a daughter and a son.
J. Do you remember Louise's middle name?
A. Anna Louise.
J. Anna Louise.
A. Yes. I think that was. You see my mother's name was ... Well now Anna Louise was ...
J. Her mother's name. Mrs. <Julius W.> Bitterling's name was Anna Louise Ottinger.
A. It was. Yeah.
J. So maybe she was probably named after her mother.
A. Evidently, 'cause she was Anna Louise.
J. You don't remember her date of birth do you?
A. No. It was about... She died up in Salem.
J. You said she was ... What age did you say she was when she died?
A. I don't remember saying anything. I don't remember. I can get it from her daughter; they live in Salem. I could find out when her mother was ... There was just about two years between each one of those kids.
J. I have a chart on Thomson. Do you know his full name? E. W. is all I've got.
A. Ernest is all I know. His name was an Ernie, too. There's a lot of Ernies in our family. But I don't know what his middle name was.
J. They had several children you said, eh?
A. Aunt Lou and Cole had a boy and a girl.
J. Okay. I have a boy born in 1904 <on Cole's chart>.
A. That was "Jack." His name was... No, he only called himself "Jack." His name was Foster. He hated it; so he called himself Jack.
J. Okay. And the girl's name? Do you remember her name?
A. Yeah. Vera.
J. Vera.

A. Yes. She was two years older than I.
J. So she was born in nineteen oh what?
A. She was born on, let's see. And jack? Does it say when he was born? Jack?
J. 1904. <December 13, 1904, Astoria, Ore.>
A. Well, she was... I was born in six <1906> and ...
J. About 1905?
A. Because there was barely a year between Foster and Vera. No! Vera was older. She was 1903.
J. 1903. Yes. Excuse me. I went in the wrong direction!
A. Yes. Because she was older. Both of them were older than I.
J. Okay. She would be first and he would be second <order of birth>.
A. Yes.
J. Was she born in Astoria too, perhaps?
A. Yes, I think she was. Or was she born down here? They had a midwife down here.
J. Okay.
A. So when she left Cole, she took the girl and he took the boy. And Foster was raised in Astoria by his grandmother, his father's mother, and his mother never raised him. I don't know how old they were or anything, 'cause they were younger than I. <She means older.>
J. And who did Vera marry? Do you know her husband's name?
A. She married so many times. And she didn't <missed words> here. And she was a mess! And, I hate to tell you, but she died in the Salem asylum. So the family just dropped her. All of us. We never went around her.
J. Who did Foster "Jack" marry?
A. Jack married Louise. What was her, Louise's maiden?
E. Parker.
A. Oh yeah, Parker. Louise Parker. She still lives in Portland.
J. Did they have any children?
A. One boy, Jack.
J. Do you know when they got married perhaps?
A. No. She was a lot younger than Jack.
J. I didn't expect you to come up with that, but I thought I'd ask anyway.
A. But I will say I can find out. Now Jack died a year ago in July. And they had been married forty-some years.
J. So he died in July '84 then?
A. Yes.
J. Where was he buried at?
A. In Portland; Willamette University ... I think it's ...
E. Jack was 84 wasn't he?
A. Who, Jack? No, Jack was older than I. But they lied about his age.
E. He was 84 though.
A. Oh yeah. Oh yeah.
J. Did you say he was buried at Willamette?
A. I think it was Willamette Cemetery. Isn't that where we have?
E. I think it was.
A. Lincoln Memorial?

<Missed two quick exchanges between Ernie and Altha.>
J. Did he die in Portland too?
A. Oh yes. He died at home. He had cancer and heart condition. See, he was quite a bit older than Louise.
J. Older than?
A. Than his wife. Yeah. He was older than I.
J. How much older. Because that would help date Louise; I don't have her date of birth.
A. No. I don't know. I can call and ask her. I can get it.
J. He was older than his wife you say?
A. Yes. And you see, when he died, they said he was 80, and he was not 80. When he had this massive heart attack he had to retire. And the Social Security put him down wrong and made him older.
J. I found his date of birth in an Astoria paper. It was December 13, 1904. And I think I've got that written down. I copied it. But I've got so many ... too many papers. Anyway, I don't want to get side-tracked; I want to get back to you, Altha. Your middle name you said was Willamena. How do you spell that?
A. Willamena. <She later spells it Willimena.>
J. It was... Roberts was your name? Your last name?
A. Yes.
J. You see, Avis <Selnes> Hurd and Winnie <Harris Nimmo Wascher-Blake> remembered you as... Altha DeGolia they called you. Did you take that name when you were younger?
A. Well, when my mother "got" me, I was eight, and she was married to DeGolia and so they just called me DeGolia. Put me in school in the first grade and I was a great big cow for my age. And there I sat in those little seats!
J. Which school did you go to by the way?
A. Right here in Seaside. Central.
J. Central?
A. Yes.
J. And then you graduated ...
A. Eighth grade. Eighth grade. I skipped lots of grades though. I got out with the kids I should have been with.
J. Do you remember when you graduated from Central?
A. We didn't have all that regular <graduation> exercises at all. You see I was eight. I went half of the first, half of the second, all of the third, half of the fourth, all of the fifth, half of the sixth, all of the seventh and half of the eighth. So I can't remember now.
J. It's pretty hard to think what year it was, huh?
A. Yes. Yes.
J. Then you went to Seaside High School?
A. Yes. I went to Seaside high, regular high school, for two years. And then I wanted to go to business college. And so I started saving my money. And I went to Portland to Behnke-Walker.
J. Oh, you did! Behnke-Walker!
A. Yes. And my folks, my mother and step-father, they had moved from THIS house, down to Abercrumby's place. <I am guessing at the spelling of that name, as the Kerolas could not remember

how it was spelled.> And mother wrote up and told me, 'I have a lot of grudges in my life,' she said they wouldn't help me. I paid for four months' tuition, and my books and everything. I was taking bookkeeping, and I worked for my room and board at this cousin's up there, that was <Altha's step-father> DeGolia's cousin, but It lived with them and ...
J. What was their name?
A. They were ... her maiden name was Hyde; Armstrongs was what they were. And, anyway, I finished my books, you know, for bookkeeping in two months instead of four.
J. Gosh. You must have had some brains.
A. And the teacher wanted me to change my course to Accounting because I was so good in figures. Well, I knew I couldn't do that <words - while I went?> and go on to school, so I had to have new books and all to go on. So I wrote my mother and I asked her if they could send me money so I could get some books. Well, they didn't have it, so I'd have to quit and come home. So I had to quit and go home! But... My mother had money to buy a new davenport and chair. And that killed me. Right then and there I just was killed!
J. I have some early postcards that show Behnke-Walker.
A. I tell you, I was heartbroken and I never got over it. And I've held that inside of me, against my mother, all these years. Because I felt I should have had an education. She didn't have. And I felt she should have helped me, she should have sacrificed a little bit to help me when I was trying so hard. And afterward my, this Thomson, his two daughters, years later, said, "Well, why don't you ever ask my dad to help you?" I said I was scared to death of him. I was afraid of him.
J. That was DeGolia?
A. No. That was my uncle, married to Louise, aunt Louise. And that was Thomson, Ernie Thomson. He was a tallyman; he was good in figures. My dad didn't have an education, but you couldn't fool him on figures!
J. He <Ernie Thomson> was a tallyman?
A. Yeah. Uncle Ernie, he was a tallyman.
J. How... did you mean that? What did he do?
A. In a sawmill.
J. Sawmill ...
A. Yeah.
E. Lumber. Wasn't that lumber?
A. They called him a tallyman.
E. What you call a tallyman in lumber. When they put the lumber in the pile, why he had to mark down the length of it. The client was ...
J. What mill was that?
A. Astoria.
E. Clatsop.
J. Clatsop mill?
E. Yes.
A. yes.
J. In Astoria?
E. Yes.
A. Yes.

J. Huh!
E. Do you know Wickiup ... er. Up there, that.
A. Yes. Box factory.
E. Box factory, that first one.
A. Lived across from the box ...
E. Gregory.
J. Their home was in Astoria though? <The Thomson's home.>
A. Oh yes. Yes.
J. I see that he married her in 1910 in Warrenton. I found that in an early Astorian ...
A. Yes.
J. ... that he married Louse there. Did they have any children?
A. Yes, they had two daughters. They both live in Salem.
J. Do you know their names?
A. Oh yes. One of them is Dorothy Norby.
J. Is that the oldest?
A. The youngest. Ardabelle is the oldest one's name. She's an old maid.
J. Ardabelle.
J. Yes, Ardabelle.
J. How do you spell that?
A. A-r-d-a-b-e-l-l-e.
J. All one word?
A. Yes.
J. And she was an old maid.
A. Yes. She is... I'm 79. She's 73. And her birthday is in April.
J. Age 73. Born in April. <I'm writing data in family group chart.>
A. Let's see, what is it? The ... She was born in April, and I don't have a date. Let's see. Dorothy was born in May. There's only 13 months between them. Dorothy is 72, and her birthday is in May.
J. Thirteen months ...
A. I think Ardabelle's is April 14 and Dorothy's is May the 10th. I believe.
J. Okay.
A. And Dorothy's married name is Norby.
J. And what was his full name. Do you remember?
A. Who John? Her husband?
J. Yes.
A. John Norby.
J. John ... How do you spell Norby?
A. N-o-r-b-y.
J. Okay. We're really getting side-tracked. But that's good. We'll get this ... They are still living in Salem?
A. Yes.
J. So Ardabelle would still be Ardabelle Thomson. I could probably find those people in the phone book. And I have some relatives over there.
<My second, small, backup tape recorder stopped. I commented, "I suppose I'd better change it. See I'm hard of hearing and it's hard to write all this stuff down.">
A. Did your... Your brother John wasn't... Which one was it.

No. It was Nels that never married, wasn't it?
J. No. Nels got married. That was Dad's...
A. Oh. Did he.
J. He married Lillie Ogleby.
A. Oh. Then all brothers were married. John was married too? <She is talking about my father's brothers, not mine.>
J. Yes. John married Annie. They had a son, Arlie. Arlie is still living in Salem <I meant Aurora>. Did you know that?
A. No. I didn't know all the children at all. But. All I knew was when the grandmother <my grandmother Annie Nelson Fosmark, 1854-1927> was ill and the boys would come to the house to see their mother. And that's how I knew that Nels was there quite a bit. I remember that he wasn't married at that time.
<When Altha had called me the previous evening, October 11, 1985, she told me that in 1927, at my aunt Minnie Dorthea Fosmark Bitterling and my own father Johan Andrew Fosmark's request, Altha had helped care for my dying grandmother Anna Fosmark. This was at my aunt Minnie's Portland home. Anna died March 12, 1927, of dropsy, the old name for edema, which is the abnormal accumulation of fluid in body tissues and cavities.>
J. Yes. Nels had a place, had a little home right next ... on the back side of the Fosmark property there, further toward Molalla. he had a little home there. They gave ... they divided the property. It gradually all got split up among the kids. My dad got 17 acres of it, I think. That's where I was brought up, there on the corner, Hamrick's Corner. Across from the tavern. Dad built that house there. It's still there.
A. It's still there?
J. Yes.
A. I know they took me there, one time. I was so taken up, because I'd never seen a quince grow before. And they had a quince tree. And I was so taken up with that quince tree that ... I'd never seen quince before!
J. That must have been on the old place.
A. Yeah. It was on the old place.
J. On the south side of the road.
A. Yeah. They had a fence.
J. Yeah! That house... I think Ed, who I call "Gus," eventually tore that down and they <the August E. Bitterling family> built another one there. They <Ed> completely tore that old place to the ground.
A. I used to just love quince jelly. And I think that's why I was so taken up by that tree!
J. Puckery things. I remember one that grew out in back of the old Ritter ranch, too. And we didn't know what to do with it, except to make jam out of it. It was pretty sour. <I meant tart. And I meant jelly, not jam. I used to help my mother pick quince, as she was nuts about quince jelly, too.>
A. We made jelly. And oh! The jelly was so good. Quince jelly!
J. Let's see. About your father, William Roberts. Can you tell me his middle name perhaps?
A. No. I know very little about my father.
J. You don't know his date of birth or ...
A. His birthday was in March, but I can't tell you when.

J. Okay. Do you know where he was born?
A. Wales.
J. Where 'bouts in Wales, do you know?
A. No. I think I can get that to you. We went to Wales, but we weren't too sure where it was. But going through those old photograph books, I found this write-up, and I think I still have it, of uncle John <Roberts> when he died, and it gave where they were born. And that stuff I can get, you know, and send to you.
J. Do you know the date that he married your mother?
A. No. I don't know that either.
J. Approximately.
A. She was just 16. <Emma Bitterling was born June 15, 1883.>
J. Okay. I can figure that out.
A. Yeah. She was just 16. She was 22 when I was born. And she lost the first baby, it was a boy, five years before I was. So you can figure out; she was 22 when I was born, and she was 16 when she got married. I still have a cute plate that her school teacher gave her for a present.
J. Okay, that helps. I can fit that all in. Where was she married at?
A. Out there at Melville, Out in that area.
J. At the ... Probably at the Bitterling homestead? Do you think? Or was it ...
A. Well, it could have been. Yes. His mother was living I know; when I was born she was living. But of course she died right after I was just a baby. So I never... The rest of them were all dead and gone before I was ever born. And my grandfathers and grandmothers are all buried, and my brother, are all buried in the pioneer cemetery. You know where that is?
<Altha's reply indicates her parents marriage took place on her father's parents' place rather than that of her mother's, the Bitterling homestead. It is possible that the early Roberts farm was on Dellmoor Road near the Bitterling homestead. I make this assumption because Altha was born in her father's Dellmoor Road farm in 1906. Perhaps her father, William Roberts, inherited his parents' farm at that location. Altha said the Bitterling homestead (SW 1/4 Section 24, Township 7 North, Range 10 West, 160 acres) was only about a mile further uphill. Both weren't far from Melville.>
J. Yes. I've been to his grave <That of Julius W. Bitterling, 1842-1902, and his wife Anna Louise Ottinger Bitterling, 1851-1887, at Clatsop Plains Pioneer Presbyterian Church Cemetery.>
A. Right up next ~~the~~ to the fence, by the church...
J. I've been to your grandparents' grave. I've been to that. They've got the date on his wrong. They are a year off. They say he died in 1903 but I've found his obituary in the newspaper in 1902, which is... You don't print a man's obituary a year before he died!
A. Well, I'll tell you. When grandma died, you see, she was buried on the ranch.
J. I was told that. You know when they were relocated? They

were both buried there I'm told, at first, and then...
A. Yeah. And then they moved them. But then, I don't know. Do you remember when?
E. No. I wouldn't.
J. I think that's when they got the tombstone mixed up; they got the dates wrong.
A. It could have been.
J. Now, when did your father die? Do you remember that?
A. Gosh. I don't remember the year. But I'll look it up.
J. Do you remember where it was?
A. He died in the hospital in Astoria.
J. Astoria hospital. Okay. That helps.
A. Yes. And you say he's buried in Oceanview?
A. Yes. All my folks are buried (there); his folks too.
J. Do you know his father's name? Your dad's father.
A. It might be on that death notice of uncle John's. Because they all came over from Wales, the whole family. Like I say, grandpa came first, and then he sent for the family and they were all booked for this ship, to come, when one of his sisters was killed, and so they had to cancel to bury her in Wales. And they took the next ship. But that first ship that they were scheduled for, sunk and all were lost. So...
J. And then you don't know when his father died. Is he buried at Oceanview, too? Did you say at Oceanview, too?
A. Yes. <She replies yes, but means no. Not Oceanview, but "Pioneer Cemetery," behind Clatsop Plains Pioneer Presbyterian Church, near Camp Rilea. Ernie corrects her, below.> Both my grandmother and grandfather are buried there and I think they are buried close together.
E. That's at Pioneer.
A. That's at Pioneer.
J. Okay. I'll get up there and look that up. You don't remember his <Altha's father's> mother's name?
A. No.
J. Okay.
A. My mother was so busy towards her that ...
J. Did he have any other wife? Your father. Was he married before he married your mother?
A. No.
J. Okay. I don't need anything on your mother. I believe I've got everything on her. They spell her name Amelia with an E and an A. Which is right? Do you know?
A. The E.
J. An A?
A. An E.
J. E is right?
A. Yes.
J. Okay. E-m-e-l-i-a. What's her full name then?
A. Emilia Emma.
J. Emilia Emma. They had it "Amelia" in the newspaper, in her marriage notice.
A. Well, maybe they did, but mother always wrote it with an E. She was always just called Emma.
J. Okay. There was confusion on that, but I'll take your word

it's E then, Emélia. <I corrected the family group chart.>
A. <Mumbles words> Named after ... Emily ... Yeah. I don't know how they pronounced it. ...
J. You were born, you said, on what's now Dellmoor Road, right? On the Roberts farm.
A. Yes.
J. How big of a farm was that out there? Do you know?
A. No. The house was up on the hill, the County road below, and then the rest of the farm was over, below, across the road.
J. What did he raise on his farm?
A. Cattle. And garden.
J. No cranberries?
A. No. We weren't where the cranberries were. We were out too far for cranberries.
J. Okay. Then he had a barn with all that on there too then?
A. Yes.
J. You said <last night on the phone> they started out as a log cabin and they built another ...
A. Yes. They built a home.
J. When did you leave there?
A. Yeah, they moved to Seaside. I think I must have been about two; two years old or something like that. I was just a baby. Yeah. I was a toddler. Because I fell from that high porch when I was learning to walk.
J. That was on the new house they built?
A. Yeah.
J. You said you were paralyzed for quite some time.
A. Yeah. It hit me right through here. And I had back trouble. It affected all my organs. And my dad said, Oh I was just scared. And they took me to a doctor. He said I was just scared because I, you know it scared me, was the reason I wouldn't walk any more. But mother, she just, every day she worked on my back and my legs until she got me started so I could walk again. And the doctor, after he examined me in later years, he said that it had hit a nerve and that it had paralyzed me for awhile.
J. So when you moved to Seaside it would have been 1908, about?
A. Yes.
J. And did you move to this house then?
A. No. We got a house over on the other side of the railroad tracks.
J. Where was that at?
A. Oh, let's see. Where is that? The Stafford lumber yard was around there. It was in that area there. And I was only five when we left there.
J. You moved from there aged five?
A. Yeah. My dad ran off with me.
J. Oh.
A. Yeah. Went to California.
J. Oh. Okay. I remember that <from our phone talk 10/11/85, which see transcribed elsewhere>.
A. Then my mother married DeGolia. Then we moved into this house.
J. Okay. When did...

A. But... Let's see. The fire was what? 1910 or 11?
J. It was 1912, the fire.
A. And I was five when the fire ... When they had the fire, mother and I were in Columbus, Ohio.*
J. Okay.
A. Well that would be... Yeah, five.
J. 1906 and five would put it 1911. But! You think you may have been more like six? I think, now I'm talking off the top of my head ...
A. I think the fire... I had some pictures, but I think I got rid of them. When I moved I got rid of a lot of stuff I wish now I hadn't.
J. Did that fire threaten your house? On this side?
A. Well, my dad wrote that he had the horse and wagon all hooked up, and as much as he could put of the household stuff of value was already loaded on that wagon, ready to go if it got that far.
J. Your dad, you say. Now you mean Mr. Roberts.
A. Yes.
J. By that time ...
A. Then we came back from Ohio.
J. Okay.
A. And then he and mother set the divorce, or were separated, then he just picked up and took off, and took me with him.
J. So how long did you stay in Ohio?
A. All one winter.
J. One winter ...
A. Yes.
J. Okay. That helps. Because you <said earlier that you> were still five years old when he ran off with you.
A. Yeah. I was about five, five and a half, then.
J. So you stayed down there <in California with her father>, you said, two and a half years.
A. About two, two and a half years. I was eight and a half when we came back and my mother got me. But they were living in this house, she and DeGolia.
J. Okay. Do you know when she moved in the house then?
A. No. But it must have been right after she got her divorce and married DeGolia. Because he was caretaker of their places.
J. Oh? He was caretaker?
A. Yes. See the five <houses> up on the beach, he, we, he had to go up... When they <the Butterfield children> wanted to come back down for the summer, we'd have to go up and get 'em all cleaned and get the fires stared so get the dampness out of them and get 'em ready for them to come down.
J. That was the five houses up on the ocean front?
A. Yes. Five <she means three> were facing the ocean. It was just like that <she indicates an L shape with her index finger in midair>. Five <she means three> here and two here.
J. You mean three; three and two don't you?
A. Yeah. I mean three here, yeah.
J. Three faced the ocean.
A. Three faced the ocean and two here. And this was higher, a knoll there where these two were.

* DURING MY 10.11.85 TELECON WITH ALTHA SHE EXPLAINED THAT WHEN SHE WAS NEARLY TWO, 1911), SHE AND HER MOTHER WENT ON A TRAIN TO COLUMBUS, OHIO, WHERE THEY STAYED WITH EMMA - SISTER AND BROTHER-IN-LAW CHARLOTTE "LOTTIE" (BUTTERLING) GUTHERIE AND TOM GUTHERIE, WHILE EMMA HAD SURGERY (REMOVAL OF A LARGE CYST) "ALMOST AS BIG AS HER HEAD!"). TOM GUTHERIE WAS SECRETARY OF THE COLUMBUS POLICE DEPT; HAD TWO SONS, THOMAS AND ROBERT.

<Altha watched me draw five houses in an L-shaped configuration. After several corrections we ended up with a drawing of which she approved. It showed two houses side-by-side on the north side of an east-west street at the point where that street met the present-day Prom. She said the two houses were on higher ground and faced south. The westerly-most of the two was near what is today the corner of Prom and what she supposed might be present-day Fourth or Fifth Avenue. Three more houses faced west toward the ocean, but were around the corner on the present-day Prom.>
J. Would that have been on about Oceanway? Do you know now, with the streets in there.
A. No. Oceanway was where.. is just a block off of broadway. No. They were down around Fourth or Fifth up here.
J. Oh further this way then? <My house is on Fourth.>
A. Yes.
J. This is Fourth here, so ...
A. Yeah. It could have been up along in here somewhere.
J. So these were owned by the Butterfield family; they owned these five?
A. Yes.
J. But they also owned the two on Columbia.
A. Yes. Those were the first two. yes. The old folks, I think, you know, lived in them.
J. Oh! They were the first two! They were built first do you think?
A. Oh yeah! They were built before those <five> were.
J. The Butterfields actually lived there?
A. Oh they used to own them! Always came down when they ... They were there in the summer. And then of course when their kids grew up these <five houses> up here, they were for the sons. Up there.
J. Oh. I see.
A. ... for the kids and family. And they built a big playhouse for the kids up there. And ...
J. How big was that? You said that was eventually moved down.
A. Oh yeah. When uncle was working on ... was helping mother, and he was out of work.
J. Ed?
A. Uncle Ed. When he didn't have any work and no place to go, mother had him come there and he slept in the ... and he had a cot in there ... and he slept in that little house <the playhouse, relocated from the group-of-five Butterfield houses up on the ocean front to between the two Butterfield houses on Columbia>. It had a porch on it and all. I don't know what ever happened to it. Somebody must have tore it down.
J. What were its dimensions? Roughly.
A. No; I wouldn't remember. At least as wide, you know what a cot is, and it went in there and he still had room. So ...
J. When was it moved down from the ocean front, down to Columbia?
A. Oh, I must have been about ten. <Circa 1916.>
J. Okay. That helps date it, when it was moved.
A. Butterfields did it themselves, of course. The old folks

were gone and it was the boys that did it. They weren't ... They weren't kids either them days. They were wholesale jewelers in Portland.
J. Did you know the Butterfields?
A. No. I didn't. I probably saw a couple of the brothers, you know. They came down to transact business with my step-father and mother. But being a kid, you don't pay attention.
J. You never met Genevieve Butterfield, who married Tom Young? Their daughter?
A. No. You see those houses were built for their children, sons and daughers and family.
J. I see.
A. ... up there for summer. And they'd come down and spend all summer, with their family.
J. So your mother then. Did she work ... help as caretaker? Did she do anything too?
A. Yes. Oh yes! She did the cleaning, washed windows, scrubbed floors and, you know, they did all that to get it ready for them for ... Then they'd come down.
J. So then they <Altha's parents> got free rent for this?
A. I don't think they got... I think they did. I couldn't tell you, because I didn't know their business, you know. And being a kid you don't pay attention. Of course I was 12 when I went to work. ...
J. You went to work?
A. Yes. I worked at the jit <stopped>, at the dance hall.
J. Is that so!
A. Jitney dances. Yeah. You bought tickets, then you came by and dropped them in the thing to go out and dance and then when the dance was over you undone the rope so they could come off the floor. I got eight dollars a week, ha ha. You see I was big for my age. They thought I was much older.
J. What dance place was that?
A. The Bungalow Dance Hall. Yeah, the old Bungalow. After we was married we was there every Saturday night.
J. Now, I've got, at noon, the president of Seaside Museum & Historical Society, Helen Gaston, that wants to come and talk. Can you hang on that long to talk with her? <It was then 11:45 a.m.>
A. Oh. Gaston. She married a Gaston boy, eh?
J. Yes, she married a Gaston. Do you remember the Gaston historian that wrote all the books on history, Oregon history, the centennial. <I refer to Joseph Gaston, author of The Centennial History of Oregon, 1811-1911. He <Helen's husband> is evidently related to him.
A. I went to school with one Gaston boy.
J. She has just taken over as president of the museum and historical society. She's very interested in preserving that house.
A. I wonder if we ought to call Vi and tell her that. She thought we'd probably be back for lunch around 12 or 12:30.
J. Okay. Well I've got a phone. You could call her. I don't know how long... Helen wanted to ask you some questions about the interior of the house, because they are interested in

seeing if they can preserve it as a national historic monument. And I think if they had known, she told me last night when I told her that you had said the house had never moved, that if they'd have known that they'de have never moved it to begin with because it would have been a historic monument, really. Because it was built in 1893. And with what you told me last night. You see it was completely different from what they had been told. A man, the former president of the society had done research on the house and believed that it had been moved three times, that it had originally started on the Prom, moved down to Broadway, then...
A. No! Those were separate from this! Those were built after these houses!
J. So this house never moved except to the museum just recently? <December 5, 1984.>
A. Yes. Well gee! Mother .. Well I'm 79. And I was eight years old, 71 years ago, and how could they be moving that house? In all those years?
J. It hadn't moved from the time ... from that photograph there, the one that I have, that 1893, makes it look like they were side by side. They're still the same two houses ...
A. The other one burnt down.
J. It did burn?
A. Yes. I don't know who was living in it.
J. Well, there was a Mrs. Knowles that was living next to the Butterfields in 1893. Did you know Mrs. Knowles?
A. No. That was before my time.
J. Yeah. You were just a ... yeah shaver there in 1906. So let's see...
A. No, they... It was rented. Somebody had rented it and my folks used to rent the house to people and I dont know who lived in it. I have no idea. But anyway, we went to Pendleton for a winter. He <DeGolia> was on a job up there and then when we came back the house had been burnt down. It burnt down. So mother... Oh, it had a beautiful garden there. Really.
J. You say when "we" went to Pendleton. Do you mean your mother and you or your ...
A. And my step-father DeGolia. <She means the three of them, her step-father Guy DeGolia, her mother Emma, and herself.> He was a carpenter, too, by trade, if he'd ever work. And ...
J. And you went to Pendleton for a winter?
A. Yeah. We were up there. Yeah. 'Cause I went to school partly. We went up and this rich rancher, sheep rancher, was building a beautiful home and he <her step-father DeGolia> got a job up there as carpenter. And we were up there for about ... Well, I went to school; I didn't finish the year, it was about three months that I went to school up there. And then we came back.
J. Then, you'de be able to guess pretty ... What year was that? You'd be able to guess.
A. I was in the fifth grade.
J. Okay. So that puts it ...
A. It must have been about ... Let's see. I skipped second, and first was one year; and third was two years, make me ten, and I

skipped ahead to fourth. I was about eleven I guess when I went up there.
J. So when you came back is when it burned? Or?
A. It was burnt while we were gone. We don't know what happened.
J. Okay. Age 11, that would have been 1917, about 1917 when it burned then?
A. Yeah, it burned.
J. That was the end of the World War wasn't it?
A. Yeah. It might have been burned in '16. It could have been burnt down in '16.
J. Okay.
A. During the war <World War I> we had, you know, we had one boy that came in. When he came in for the weekend he stayed at our place. And mother said (she) kinda adopted him. He was so homesick. And he was from the east. And mother sort of adopted him. I was his "little sister." And that was in 1918.
J. Okay. Now before Helen comes, maybe I'd ought to have you look through these charts. Now this is your grandpa Julius W. F. Bitterling. Did he have... I have two initials, W. F.
A. That I wouldn't know.
<Altha here coughs quote a bit. She explained last night that she had been coughing since having throat surgery for cancer six years ago. Although she has had no recurrence of cancer, she must have annual checkups.>
J. Sometimes it was W.F. and sometimes just W. I know it was Julius W.
A. That I wouldn't know.
J. You said he came from Berlin. Was he born there? Was he born in Berlin?
A. Yeah. There were still cousins living back there during the war. Mother and aunt Lou sent... Well, after the war his wife was killed in the bombing and he wrote out, he was also evicted, and he wrote out and wanted them ... if they could send him some garden seeds. He couldn't get anything back there. So they got a box together. Sent him a bunch of garden seed!
J. Who was this that was killed in the bombing?
A. That was their cousin.
J. Oh. Julius' cousin?
A. My mother's cousin. It would've been ...
J. Oh. Emma's cousin.
A. Yes. Her cousin. Yes. Of course we never knew them. They had a lot of aunts in Germany.
J. You were named after an aunt?
A. Yes.
J. We still haven't ... Do you know Louise, your grandmother Lou you called her?
A. No. That's my aunt <Lou>, her <grandmother Louise Bitterling's> daughter, is the one I called Lou. My grandmother died when the sixth baby was born, and so they were all little kids ...
J. Sixth!
A. Yeah.

J. Ed was the sixth?
A. No. He was the fifth.
J. Okay. Who was the sixth then. I didn't know they had one.
A. I don't know. She <Louise Ottinger Bitterling> died and the baby was taken by some captain and his wife, a bar captain and his wife, and they was supposed to have placed it in a home. And they never did know anything about where he went, or whether he died or anything. Mother always felt that he had lived. But they had said that he had died.
J. It was a boy?
A. It was a boy.
J. It was taken by a bar captain. Do you know his name?
A. No.
J. Was it Clou ... It wasn't anything like... <I couldn't get my brain in gear.>
A. He lives here in Seaside.
J. Now? He lives in Seaside?
A. No. No. He's been dead years and years. But I can't remember who it was. I don't think he remembers because I dont think he ever heard mother say that ... er... She <Altha's grandmother Louise> died then and Uncle Ed would have been about two years old when she <died>.
<Mrs. Anna Louise Ottinger Bitterling died August 23, 1887, at age 36. Her fifthborn son August Edward Bitterling was born April 30, 1886. The sixthborn son, mentioned by Altha, would have been born on or about the date of Louise's death.>
J. That was what killed Louise then, was childbirth; the sixth child?
A. Yes. Childbirth. My mother ...
J. Okay. Now she <Louise> died ... <checking my charts> she died on August 23, 1887, at age 36 I think. So that would have been when this boy was born. Roughly.
A. Yes. Yes. And uncle Ed was about two, and aunt Lou was around four, and mother was .. It was just around two years between each one. And aunt Lottie was the oldest; and a family took her home. And grandpa raised them.
J. Did you know anything about "Jule," your uncle "Jule?" <Julius A. Bitterling, a brother to Altha's mother.>
A. Uncle Jule?
J. Do you know when he was born, or anthing like that?
A. No. I was just about to say, it was about two years between each one.
J. I have his obituary and it talks about the address and everything but it doesn't say what town. It's in... Jackson County is where he died in a hospital at age 62.
A. Yeah. Down there. Out from Medford.
A. Near Medford?
A. Yes. Yes. No. I can... Because their... His son used to go to Yuma. No... Now let's see. We were with them. They were at the family reunion a year ago. And now they have sold and they are living in Florence.
J. The son?
A. Robert. Yes.
J. Robert. And living in Florence?

A. And he's living in Florence now.
J. Okay!
A. And I can get all that dope, you know, from them.
J. Okay. That's good.
A. I imagine they would have a lot as they are going to Australia. And we weren't home yet when they were trying to contact me so they could get passports. Now, we went to Australia and we didn't have to have passports. And now, they have to have pasports, and he had to get his mother's name and her birth and all that and, gosh, uncle Jule and her had been divorced for years and years and years! And ...
J. Oh, and they had been divorced?
A. Uncle Jule was divorced and married the second time.
J. Who was his second wife? Do you remember?
A. Oh boy! What was her name? Do you remember? See we weren't very close to them down there. I can't remember what her name was.
J. Do you remember his first wife's name?
A. Hester, I... No. Ester. Ester.
J. What was her maiden name? Do you know?
A. That I don't know. I'd have to get that from Bob. I could write Bob and ask him these things and have him send it. Because he had to get all that and he didn't know. And he didn't know about his dad and he had to go up and find all that stuff out.
J. Did you know anything about Bob's brothers, William and Joseph? They said that they were "surviving."
A. Step-sons. They were the second wife's two boys.
J. Oh?
A. Yes. They weren't uncle Jule's. They were step-sons.
J. Oh? The second wife's...
A. Yes.
J. So Robert was by the first wife?
A. Robert and Francis, a girl.
J. Oh! There was a girl too!
A. Yes. Jule and his first wife, they had Robert and Francis.
J. Francis!
A. And she died of TB.
J. ... by the first wife, Ester.
A. Yes.
J. And Francis died of TB.
A. Yes. She was quite young.
J. How old was she?
A. Well, she went and married, which they didn't want her to, but she did. I would say she was... I don't think she was even 20 when she died. Bob would know.
J. Okay. That's more than I knew before about any marriage number two. That helps explain the obit.
A. Yes. Now, "Joe" and "Bill" were step-sons. They were not uncle Jules'.
J. Now, I have the death notice of Mrs. Julius A. Bitterling. She died in 1935.
A. That was her. That's his second wife.
J. Second wife.

A. Yes.
J. Okay. <Reading> "She was a former resident of Astoria. She died recently in her home in Medford. ... Beside her husband, three grown sons survive: William, Joseph and Robert Bitterling."
A. Yeah. But you see, "Bill" and "Joe" were hers. And "Bob" was a step-son to her.
J. Okay. Okay. Great! You don't know anything about Ester's father and mother? Or where she <Ester> came from? Was she born in Astoria?
A. No. No. Bob was trying to find out, too! He had to have all that for his passport. So I imagine that he got it, because I didn't hear from him. So... I could write and ask him if he could give me his mother's birthday and dea... and so... I don't know if she's still living or not. Seems to me he told us when we were in Yuma, that he'd finally located his mother and that she was alive. But now I don't... that was several years ago.
J. I don't like to change subjects too quick, but I realize time is running out here. Before very long... I see your husband's gone to sleep!
A. He goes to sleep every time he sits down.
J. Oh. About the Gutherie family. Tom Gutherie. You know anything about him? When he was born and where?
A No, I wouldn't. I can get that from his son Bob. They are in Florida now.
J. Oh!. They did go to Florida.
A. Yes. My uncle retired. They moved to Florida.
J. What town in Florida?
A. Miami.
J. Miami.
A. Yes. Then he died. They both died down there.
J. Oh.
A. And they had two sons, Thomas and Robert.
J. Do you remember their wives' names or any details?
A. Yeah. Bob's wife is Peggy.
J. Peggy?
A. Yeah, Peggy. And they've been married...
J. Do you know her maiden name?
A. Yeah. We'd been married five years, 52 years ago, when they got married.
J. 52 years...
A. Yes.
J. 1985 minus 52 is 1933?
A. We'd been married five years when we went back for the wedding. And they've had their fiftieth anniversary.
<Altha and Ernie married in 1928. So it was 1933 when Bob and Peggy Gutherie got married.>
J. You don't remember her maiden name?
A. Do you remember Peggy's last name?
E. <Looks up and prepares to respond, but before he can, Altha answers her own question.>
A. Snyder! Wasn't it?
E. Yes.

A. Yeah. Her father... I called her father when <word> died.
J. S-n-y-d-e-r?
A. Yes, Snyder.
J. And did they have any children?
A. No.
J. No children.
A. No. They were like us. We don't have, either.
J. Oh. I was going to ask you that. You don't have any children?
A. No. I've got a poodle. And she's spoiled, believe me!
J. Thomas. Do you remember what happened to him, or anything about him?
A. Yes. Killed in a plane crash when he was a pilot.
J. A pilot ...
A. Yes. he was a pilot in the service. And Bob, his brother, was with the Mari ... no, or, the Engineers. Bob received citations for bravery over there, and Tom was the bawl-baby. And when he <Tom> got out of the service, he came home, but Bob stayed in. And then he <Bob> and another pilot bought some used military planes and went into cargo business; flying cargo for the government. Well they earned enough so they could buy a brand new one <plane>. So he went back to pick up the brand new one, and flying out he crashed. And how long was he laid up, honey, a year or two years?
E. It wasn't quite ... I don't know.
A. Yeah. And they said he'd never walk again. And nerve <injury?>. But he did. And we were, in '58, we were living in Florida and uncle <Tom Gutherie> had passed away. But auntie <Peggy> was still living then. And when we were down there, I talked to him. I never did see him. I talked to him on the phone. He had made his first flight since that accident two years before, and then... we.... that was in '58. And then his wife, Marybelle, a beautiful girl we'd met...
J. How do you spell her name?
A. Marybelle, all one.
J. Marybelle, all one name.
A. Yes.
J. ... b-e-l-l-e probably?
A. Yes. And she had surgery and she was home. And they always lived with aunti and uncle, but they weren't then, she had, they had their own place. And the daughter was there and a nurse, and they went downstairs in the morning and she went back up about a half hour later. She was dead!
J. Marybelle!
A. Yes. That's all I know about it. And Thomas went so to pieces over it that they had an awful time with him. So he signed on... How long was that? Two months after she died?
E. One month, or right in there...

<DISK 42/THIRTY>

A. About two months, he signed on as co-pilot for a crew ... a tour flight to South America. And coming in for a landing, it was foggy, and they missed the air strip and the plane broke right in half. And all those in the first half were killed. Those that were saved were in the back half. And he was killed.
J. And this was where? Wherebouts?
A. South America or someplace. They were going ...
J. And it was a "tour flight."
A. Yes.
J. Like, was it a regular airline or just a ...
A. Well, it was a ... I don't know. It was a ... Just like some of these others now, that ...
J. It was a big plane then?
A. Oh yes. It was a big plane. And he was a co-pilot.
J. Do you know anything about Marybelle's maiden name, or if they had any children?
A. No. I don't know a thing about her. Yeah, they had two daughters.
J. Two daughters.
A. Yes.
J. Do you know where those boys were born, Thomas and Robert?
A. They were born back in Columbus, Ohio.
J. Columbus.
A. Yes.
J. Okay. And Thomas died somewhere in South America.
A. Yes.
J. Did they bury him at home?
A. Well, they had to wait quite awhile for them, you know, before they brought him back. And he was buried in Miami, by his wife <Beside her grave>. Two, I think it was about two months later.
J. When did he die?
A. Well. Gee. I don't know how long ago that was. See, we were there in '58.
J. How old was he when he died?
A. I don't remember that. Ernest! How long after we were down there? We were down there in '58.
E. Well, we wouldn't know about that. Dorothy wrote you. She seen the paper.
A. No. No. About Thomas?
E. Yeah.
A. No. No. Oh, Dorothy wrote, yeah. But Bob called me long distance and told me about ... Bob ... Bob <she means Thomas> being killed. And I said, well, that Dorothy had seen about this tour crash and that a Thomas Guutherie was a co-pilot and she wondered if it was our cousin.
E. Yes.
J. Now wait a minute. You just said about "Bob" being killed. He wasn't killed ...
A. No. No.
E. No.
A. No. No.
J. It was Thomas.

A. Thomas. But Bob called me.
J. Oh, okay.
A. And he said, "Don't try to come because we don't know when it's going to be when they are going to send it <the body>," he said. He was in Columbus <Ohio> then. And he said, "When the body comes back — they are shipping it back to Miami," he said, "I'll go down and take care of the funeral arrangements and everything." And he said ... I <Bob> was going to buy flowers, from <for> us. And he said, "I'll take care of everything for you." And that was about ... about three years after we were down there. It must have been in the first part of the 60s.
J. Yes. About 1961 or something like that?
A. Yes.
J. Now, you said you were very close with Robert. You said he calls you.
A. Oh yes.
J. How old is he now?
A. Let's see. He's the same age as you are, isn't he? (TO HER HUSBAND)
E. I think so.
A. Yeah. Eighty-three.
J. Age 83. And Thomas was the older of the two?
A. No. He was younger.
J. Oh. Okay. So Robert was the firstborn.
A. Yes.
J. And Thomas was second. <I'm correcting the chart.>
A. Yes.
J. Okay.
A. They are both older than I, and Bob is the same age as Ernie.
J. Okay. You can't judge ... You can't tell me anything about "Lottie," their mother? When she was born?
A. No.
J. .. or when she got married?
A. No. All I know was ...
J. She must have been born on the home place, up there on the homestead. <Julius W. Bitterling's homestead near Melville.>
A. Which one?
J. Near Melville.
A. I mean, aunt Lottie?
A. Yes.
A. Oh. No. I think most of those kids were born in Astoria.
J. Okay.
A. Yes. And then. Because he <Altha's grandfather Julius W. Bitterling> was working, he and grandma <Anna Louise Ottinger Bitterling> were working in a restaurant <in Astoria>. And ... They didn't have all their kids there; <i.e. all the Bitterling kids were not born in Astoria>. But aunt Lottie was the oldest. <THIS was news to me, as I had thought the son Julius A. Bitterling was first. Altha then went on to catalogue the kids.> And there was Lottie, and uncle Ed, and then. The kids! The ... But I think uncle Ed, I think, and maybe aunt Lou were born out there at Melville, but mother <Emilia Emma Bitterling, born June 15, 1883, Astoria; died 03/10/1961, Portland, buried

Oceanview Cemetery, Warrenton> and them <Anna Louise, August Edward and the sixth and lastborn un-named infant who ~~died at birth~~> were born in ... <she stops short of saying Melville>. I think! Do you have the birth of any of them?
J. I've got August or "Ed" born in 1886 near Astoria. I think that's probably at the Melville homestead.
A. Yeah. That's probably right, because he ...
J. Now Louise, I don't have her date, but Emma your mother was in 1883. She was born in 1883 <in Astoria>.
A. Yes.
J. Then after her was Louise, I think.
A. Yes. Louise was after her.
J. She must have been born about 1885 or '4, or somewhere around there. They were close together.
A. Dorothy has the family Bible and I can find out from her all the births and their deaths. <Dorothy Thomson Norby, age 72, living in Salem, the daughter of Ernest W. Thomson & Louise (nee Bitterling) Cole Thomson.> Now, wait a minute. What is that one <bill?> I have of mother's? I don't know whether it's her father or if it was her brother that she had that on ...
J. The last three, you think. Lottie and Jule would have been born in Astoria. <I meant Melville!>
A. I think they were born in Astoria.
<Although she responds in the affirmative, we were both getting confused. I believe the first three were born in Astoria and last three at the homestead one and one-half miles northwest of Melville.>
J. Okay.
A. Now where they came from to Astoria I can't tell you. I don't know. But I know they came and worked. It was ... Mother said they walked on piling to get from where they worked over to where they lived in Astoria. 'Cause Astoria, at that time, was all under <she means over> water, wasn't it.
E. Yeah.
A. Everything.
E. It was all on piling.
A. Yeah. All on piling and all ...
E. Yes.
A. And since he <Altha's husband Ernie> lived, from the time he was two weeks old, in Astoria until we moved to Portland ... When we moved there, he was 72. Seventy-two years he lived in Astoria.
J. Wow. What did you do for your living (in Astoria)?
A. He was a garage man.
J. What?
A. A garage man.
J. Garage.
A. A mechanic.
J. Well!
A. And then he had an agency, had part of it. And he ended up ...
J. Which agency was that?
A. Well, at one time they had Nicholson & Kerola Garage. They had the Nash agency.

J. Oh.
A. And they was with ... And when we got married <1928> he was in with Johnson, J. C. Johnson.
E. Yeah. Johnson. We had Oldsmobile.
A. Yes, Oldsmobile. And you <Enrie> was foreman after we were married a year. And It broke up and he went in as foreman at, different, Lovell's Garage. He worked there for awhile. But he was foreman for Bob Hawkins and ...
E. I was with DeSoto for nine years at Hawkinses. Then I went to Chrysler. I worked for Chrysler for two years.
J. Okay.
A. Then he retired.
J. So you've spent a lot of time living in Astoria!
A. Yes.
J. How many years did you live up there?
A. Well, we were married ... I was probably through it. <She is correct; she had already answered the question.> We were married in '28 and moved to Astoria and we lived there until we moved to Portland eleven years ago.
J. Let's see. It was 1928 through. Well eleven years ago, you said it was when you moved.
A. Yes. We've been at Portland eleven years. So he was 72. Eleven from '85 would be '74 we moved up there.
J. 1974. That was when you bought your home up there on 149th? You've been there all that time you mean?
A. No. We bought a mobile unit and we lived in it a year and a half, then we moved to the house where we're at. Let's see, we were mentioned in Patron and Star in '80, and it takes four years ...
J. There's a gap in between when you said you were 16 and went to Portland. And then?
A. I came back.
J. You came back ...
A. I was only up there about a month with his <her step-father DeGolia's> cousin. Then I came back <to Seaside> and we were living in this house <Butterfield cottage on Columbia>.
J. Until you got married in '28?
A. No. Let's see. I wonder what year it was that they moved down there in the Abercrumby place. I can't remember how many years mother was down there. I was married down there. <This is news.> I was married here in Seaside, but not in that <Butterfield> house, <but> down in the Abercrumby <rented house on the bank of the Necanicum River, across from present Thriftway location>. But right after that, mother and Pete <Emma's third husband, Peter Pedersen> moved up to this <Butterfield> house again.
E. They went back to the same place.
A. Yes. Back to this same house.
J. When was that then? That they moved back?
A. Well, we were married in <1928> ... About '30 <when> they moved back, didn't they?
E. Yeah. About in '30.
A. It was shortly after we were married. So ... It might have been '29, but anyway I'd say <by> '30 for sure.

J. 1930.
A. Yes.
J. And then she stayed there ... Your mother stayed there until she died? In that house? Or?
A. No. No, she married this ... goofball. And ... <Altha balks at pronouncing the name of her mother's fourth and last husband, Lou Wirth>.
J. Lou Wirth you mean?
A. Yeah <slurred>. Wirth <said with loathing>. And they lived there 'til ... They bought this place in Warrenton, didn't they?
E. Yes.
A. No! They moved back to Seaside.
E. Yeah. Yeah.
J. You said ... But how long after she married Lou Wirth did she move to Warrenton? Right away? Or?
A. About ... Do you think they moved up there right away? Can't even remember now.
E. Golly, I don't know.
A. They didn't live there very long.
E. We were against them buying that house.
A. Yes. But he wanted to buy it.
J. Which house was that? Was it in Warrenton?
A. In Warrenton.
J. Okay.
A. And so I loaned him the money.
E. But she <Emma> didn't want to leave, to move up there, because she didn't know anybody. We told her it wouldn't be a good idea to buy it. It was a good bargain, a good buy.
A. It was a good buy, but ... He wanted to move so she had to move. And she was very unhappy. I don't think they lived there two years did they?
E. I don't think it was two years.
A. Then they came right back to Seaside.
E. It wasn't very long.
J. And then she came back to the same <Butterfield> house again?
A. No.
E. No. Where did they live?
A. They had a hard time trying to find a place to rent. And they hunted a place down. Oh gosh. It was back of fire engine, fire station, down in there somewhere. I can't remember now.
E. Oh.
A. It wasn't much of a place.
E. I can't remember where it was.
A. And they only were there, I don't think they lived there two years did they?
E. I don't think so.
A. When she took sick. About a year. I know we had one Christmas there. And she took sick and they called me in Astoria, you know. "Come right down, your mother is ill and she can't stand up, her feet hurt, she collapsed." I go, "Well get her to the hospital, then call me when you get the doctor and see what he says." So they took her there. Next morning they rushed her to

Portland to the University hospital, and she died up there.
J. What was her ... What happened? Why did she die?
A. Well, it was circulation, and she had a bad heart. But she never did anything about it, I guess. And. She would be walking and her knees would give way and she would collapse. And when she went up there, from her knees down, her legs and everything, no circulation. It was just like hitting a stone. <Altha pounds her own leg, thump, thump, thump.>. And they had her covered. And, of course, they brought her down here to <unknown word, sounds like "agreement;" may mean the rented place in Seaside back of fire station>. And that's what killed her. She was there about two weeks wasn't she?
J. It was in 1961, I guess, when they got her down here. <Emma died 03/10/1961.>
A. Yeah.
J. Okay. Then you brought here back down and had her buried here.
A. Oh yeah. We had her buried here.
J. At Oceanview.
A. Yes.
J. Well that helps fill in the gaps of when she was at the house; I think I've got it complete. That's what everybody's going to ask me is, "When was she at ..." Well, do you kow who bought that house from the Butterfields first?
A. Yes. I think it was Mr. Otto. Wasn't it?
E. Yeah. Otto bought it.
J. Well, what <when> was this? About ...
A. I don't know. He had a grocery store right on the corner.
J. Do you know his first name?
A. No. He had two sons.
E. Otto's dead though.
A. Oh yeah. He had a son Alvin. Seems to me he had two sons.
J. Where was the grocery at?
A. Well, do you know where the Bungalow Dance Hall was?
J. Yep.
A. Well, he was on the corner right across from it. Right on the corner of Broadway.
J. Towards the west ... Oh, across the street?
A. No. The dance hall was here, Broadway here, and he was right here, and our two lodges were over here. <This is the first and only time she refers to the two Butterfield cottages on Columbia as "our two lodges.">
J. Towards the ocean then?
A. No. <She means yes.> He was on the corner. You see where the houses were.
J. Yeah. That was Columbia.
A. Yeah. Well up on the, on the ... Columbia. And here's Broadway.
E. I wonder if that's the Chinese place; isn't it?
A. And you go right over here. It was right there.
E. It was right across from ...
A. Oh no. Oh no. <Answering Ernie's question.> He was right ... He was right across ... Because I would run out the back door and run to the grocery store.

J. Well, Broadway there, and Columbia ... If this is Columbia. <To end the confusion I am drawing a map; Altha is watching me.>
A. And our houses ...
J. ... and this is North Downing now, and this is Broadway.
A. Yeah, Broadway. And this is Broadway. Alright. Alright.
J. And this is looking up toward the ocean.
A. And then the ... And this here, this is the houses here.
J. That was Oceanway coming down through there ...
A. And Oceanway was here ...
J. It came down through this way.
A. Yeah.
J. And the house ...
A. The houses were ...
J. The house you lived in was right there on the corner.
A. Yeah, on the corner there. And his <Mr. Otto's> grocery store was ... Is this Broadway?
J. Yes.
A. His grocery store was right here.
J. Oh. This corner over here?
A. Yes.
J. That's where the Beach House is now.
A. Yeah?
J. The Bungalow was here then.
A. Yeah.
E. That was <toward Downing?>. Yeah.
A. Yeah. It was a full block.
<She points at the diagram I am drawing and indicates that the Bungalow filled the space between Broadway and Oceanway; the entire west half of the block.>
J. Oh. Okay. Yeah, I remember it was big. I came up here <several times> in the '40s and went to dances there.
A. Yeah? Yes.
J. Okay. This was the Bungalow. <Drawing map>.
A. Yes.
J. So this was ...
A. This was Mr. Otto's. Otto's Grocery store. And Lundberg bought the grocery store. 'Cause I worked there for him, Lundberg. <Spelling of Lundberg unknown.>
J. Sold to Lundberg, eh?
A. Yes. And he bought ... the old man bought the house. And he says to mother, "If you want to live there, you ... I'll buy the house if you ... and if you want to live there, you can live there. I'll buy the house so you can live there."
J. That must have been ... They must have been quite good friends.
A. He was a lovely ... Yes, mother had known him all her life, you know.
J. Yes?
A. And the place ... And I didn't know him very well. But, you know, kids dont pay attention.
J. Now, these two houses. They were sitting there. One was, the one you lived in, was here. But the first one was right there.
A. Yeah. The other one was right over here. Yeah.

J. Pretty close <to each other> weren't they?
A. Yeah.
J. What was on this corner up in here there? <I pointed to the northeast corner of the intersection of Broadway and Columbia.>
A. At one time it was a little restaurant. But you never knew what was going to be on that corner.
J. Was this pretty much ... As a ... As a child, was this all trees in here? Or how much of Broadway was developed?
A. Well, they gradually ... It was a dirt street in front of our place. ...
J. Was it called Columbia then?
A. ... and across the street was nothing but trees.
J. Trees. That's toward the ocean?
A. Yeah. Towards the ocean. And there were trees. There was one house between that street <Columbia> and the big old hotel.
J. The Hotel Moore I guess it was then. Wasn't it?
A. Yes. The Hotel Moore. <At the Turnaround.>
J. There was only one house up there?
A. Yes.
J. <I laugh in amazement at the scene she has described.>
A. I used to go over there and pick ... ah ... buffalo berries we called 'em. But they call 'em huckleberries now. But to us, in them days, they called 'em buffalo berries.
J. Do you remember who owned that house that you are speaking of?
A. No. I don't. It was a summer home, you know, for people ... And you never knew who would ...
J. <Laughter.>
A. And then, from the Catholic Church, there was two or three houses up towards the beach that were summer deals, too; from the Catholic Church ...
A. Oh. That <church> was there when you were a child?
A. Yeah. When ... Yeah!
J. And there were how many house that way do you think? <West of the church.>
A. I think <there were> two or three between ... or so, between the Catholic Church and the beach.
J. Then the other Butterfield homes would have been further north? Up ...
A. Yeah.
J. Up ... The ... You think about ...
A. Yeah, up in there. I would ... It seems to me that we used to say "Fourth." But ... Oh, it's been so long, I've forgot. And I'm getting forgetful.
A. And three faced ...
A. It was either around Fourth or Fifth.
J. Now, did those all look the same, too? Identical?
A. Yeah
J. Just like the ones ...
A. Yeah. All five were exactly alike.
J. And did they ...
A. And they were very similar to these, to these two houses <pointed to the the 1893 photo of the two houses on Columbia.>
J. On Columbia?

A. Yes.
J. The ones you <lived in>.
A. Yes.
J. Okay. Isn't that interesting!
A. And the two that were on the side ... There were a lot of trees and stuff back there. But the ...
J. They would have been down on another street. Like, they were around a corner?
A. Yes. Now here's the beach, you know, the ocean. And they were built three here and two here.
J. Okay. It was on a corner like that.
A. Yes. Yes.
J. They would have been one, two, three, like that. And then two down here? <On my sketch I indicated three of the group of houses facing the ocean, but two on the south side of an east-west street. She goes on to correct me.>
A. No. They'd be over here. <Altha indicates that the two were on the north of the side street.>
J. On the other side ...
A. Three here, and two here. Yes.
J. Oh. Wait a minute. Okay. Okay. They were on this side of the street.
A. Yes.
J. There were two down in here.
A. Yes.
J. And three up in here.
A. Yes. Yes.
<She indicates that the L-shaped configuration of five houses is as follows: Two houses facing south on the north side of an avenue where it meets the Prom. Three houses around the corner to the north, on the Prom and facing the ocean.>

*Note: After the Kerolas left, I walked up Fourth Avenue to the Prom to see if I could see any sign of the old houses. Sure enough. Three are apparently still there. They are, I believe, the original three that faced the ocean and now numbered 408, 412 and 416 North Prom, the second, third and fourth houses north of the intersection of Fourth Avenue and North Prom.*

*Although all three have undergone remodeling (windows, dormers, porches, etc.), they appear to be the originals built for the Butterfield children. The three still have their original mortar-coated fireplace chimneys.*

*The two of the original group (of five), located around the corner on the north side of Fourth Avenue, are no longer there. On that site is now a large red house at the corner of Fourth and Prom, in back (east) of which is an access road and the yard area of an apartment complex.*

*According to Altha, the group of five were built after 1900.*

*Altha said the other group of two, down on Columbia & Oceanway, were built before the ocean-front group of five. Genevieve Butterfield Young, in her own handwriting on the back of a photo she had copied in June 1957 states: "F.K.B. Set #7, p.25, A.II, File #36, List No. 37. H. S. Butterfield cottage in*

*Grimes Grove built in 1893." The photo was among Genevieve's historical papers and photo albums kept for several years at Seaside Public Library, which now are held by Seaside Museum & Historical Society.*

*The photo is one of at least three showing the original Butterfield cottage, built on the present-day corner of Columbia and Oceanway and now relocated to the Seaside Museum grounds. The other two photos are identified by Genevieve as "Album #3, p. 23. A-II, Interior of H.S. Butterfield Cottage in grove;" and "Album #3, A-II, p.95, Our old house in the grove at Seaside. Mother Butterfield at right, Mrs. Knowles, left. 1893."*

*The research effort of Genevieve Butterfield Young (Mrs. Tom Young), was a monumental one. The papers alone, in very small, penciled handwriting, nearly fill a four-drawer file cabinet. Separate from the papers are several large photo albums, from which many photos have been removed. Several of the photos are on display in the museum. -jmf*

J. And you think this might have been Fourth here?
A. It was Fourth or Fifth, something like that. We should have walked by there some time, just to see if they were still there. <Last sentence directed to her husband, Ernie.>
J. Okay.
A. It's been years since we been up there! Oh!
J. Well now. I ... Helen should be ... She's twenty mintues late.
E. Well ...
A. I told what's-her-name, "If we aren't there by 12:30, you go ahead and eat." 'Cause she had dinner ...
J. Well, I could take you to lunch if you want to go.
A. No. We'll have to eat before we go down ... and ...
J. Oh. You've got a meeting today or something?
A. Yes, at 5:30 we have to be dressed and at the Masonic Temple for dinner. And then, a meeting tonight. That's what we're down her for.
J. Well, Helen was going to ask you a lot of questions about the inside of the house. Because they <may> want to try to restore it. Like it was ...
A. I wonder if I could draw a picture.
J. That would help.
A. Would you help me draw a picture of that, honey?
E. I wouldn't know ... I can't remember what that ...
A. Can't you remember? You were there!
E. Can you get in the house now? Will they let you in the house now?
A. I'd be afraid to go in! It's on piling.
J. It's up so high. You'd have to crawl up a ladder.
E. Oh.
A. Yeah.
J. I'm surprised that Helen hasn't ...
E. Do you know ... I wonder what you can buy 2x4s them days. About ten cents; 2x4x18 long?

J. You could probably ... maybe get ten for ten cents! I don't know.
E. I know we ... when dad ... when dad went to the mill and he got lumber at the mill, I don't think the lumber ... I don't think it came to a hundred dollars. And we had a pile ... piles and piles of lumber to build a house with. And I just wonder what lumber was worth in them days. Now it's terrible. I bought 4x8 plywood for two dollars a sheet.
J. <I brought out one of my photo albums for entertainment until Helen arrived.> ... Photo of the railroad station in 1908, Seaside. ...
A. Oh.
J. And this is an early picture of Seaside, before the fire.
A. Yeah. See the whole main part of town burnt down. They had a ... That's the bridge. And the bridge of course went. It was like I say, there was hardly anything over there <west of the bridge>. And when this burnt, it burnt up the Masonic Temple didn't it? That was a garage of something. I think it must ...
E. Must have.
A. I think it was up to the Masonic Temple, was where they got it checked. There was a livery stable or something around in there them days. And they had a bucket brigade from the river, fightin' the fire. I had pictures of it.
J. Yes. I've seen some photos. Of course that's prettly well known, I guess.
A. Yes.
J. I was going to say, there's lots to look at. I've got so many albums. I've been doing family history for six of seven years. And I was going to say, I think I've got some picture of Behnke-Walker <a business college in Portland.> My aunt Katie, my mother's sister Katie, evidently went to Behnke-Walker.
A. Oh. What is this here? Oh, Portland parade.
J. Here are two pictures of Behnke ... from Behnke-Walker school <postmarked 1909>. They recommend, "For a young girl's success ... go to Behnke-Walker Business College."
A. Oh. <She examines the post cards, then her mind returns to her early Seaside home.> In the yard ... They used to have the dahlia parade every year here, with the kids. And my mother, in the front of the porch there, on that side — and there was a fence around there — and on that side of the walk, mother had a dahlia bed. She had dahlias that big! Oh! There were just gorgeous! And one ... Dr. Hodges noted it, and so she told my mother ... I'd been taking treatments for my back, see, I'd injured my kidneys so bad as a kid; and she <Dr. Hodges> said, "You've got to put her in the parade." So we got an old umbrella. And my mother put all these dahlias; just loaded it. And I was in the parade with a ... with a parasol, covered with dahlias. I had won a prize and the prize was a little tiny toy iron stove; and you could burn it. And you know I took care of all my toys. And I gave it to my two darn cousins of mine, Ardabelle and Dorothy <children of Ernest W. & Louise Thomson>. And they broke everything you gave 'em! So I didn't get anything left. But that prize was that little stove. We used to try to get out there <and> light a fire in it, you know, and

try to cook potatoes. I can remember that. It reminded me, when I saw that parasol, <she refers to one of my early 1900s photos of Portland Rose Festival parade>, of the parasol that I had.
J. You don't know a woman named Marilyn Roberts, that took that house over and made a ... <I refer to House of Roberts millinery.>
A. No. I never did.
J. She's still living here in Seaside.
A. Oh is she?
J. Yes.
A. Well, you know, when I seen the name Roberts, I said, gee, I ought to go in and see if she's a relative of mine!
J. I was wondering if she was related to your husband <I meant her father, William Roberts>. 'Cause they called it the House of Roberts when she had that <place>.
A. Yeah. She must have been Welch.
E. They had something in there, didn't they?
A. Yeah. Hats.
E. Hats.
A. Yeah.
J. Yeah, it was a millinery. They called it the House ....
E. We never went in there though.
A. No. We never did. We talked about it. But we never went in. I wished now, had I known all this, that I had gone in and found out ...
J. Now, how long was she there in that place?
A. No. I don't know.
J. We are <Helen Gaston is> going to interview her, too, and try to find out how long she owned it, or if she did own it.
A. Well, that I don't know. But I understood that, from a friend here in Seaside, that your old house has been condemned and she can live there. But as long as someone's living in there, why they won't condemn it; but until then ... And they had to keep it up so that, you know, well, that they had to always keep it up 'cause it was an old place and there was always some kind of repairs had to be done, you know, on it. And then we, mother, had a great big woodshed built in the back, and in the summertime when we rented rooms, mother, the woodshed was mother's bedroom. And my bedroom was the kitchen. And I had a folding cot fixed on the wall and at night ... And I pulled ... It had a curtain over it that, it fit up on the wall. At night they had to pull a curtain back, move the table, bring the cot down, and that was my bed in the summer. Everything was made into bedrooms during that time. That's the way mother had to make her living, in order for her to get by for the winter. And then, she took in washing, and I used to go pick it up and deliver it. And I did all the flat ironing. And stuff like that.
J. My cousin told me that she <Emma> had run it as a boarding house at one time.
A. Not a boarding house. Rooming house.

MARION FAITH ROBERTS
MAY 22, 1903 – MARCH 23, 1997
SEE OBIT

J. Just a rooming house?
A. Yeah. Just rooms. We had a Jewish lady from Portland that came down and she kept the house filled with Jewish people. And she did have kitchen privileges if she wanted 'em. But she was the only one, 'cause it was too small.
J. The Jewish lady?
A. The Jewish lady. We had nothing but Jewish people. ...
J. What was their names?
A. I don't remember. He was a second ... a little tiny guy. He had a second-hand store someplace in Portland. But I never did remember ... But that was our life then. And then my uncle, this Thomson, moved down one year in Seaside, and he'd go crabbing. And then he cooked the crabs and wanted me and my cousin to go door-to-door and pedal 'em. <Altha and her cousin said, "No!" <The uncle said>, "Well, I'll give you ten cents a crab if you'll go sell 'em." Well, I went and rung door bells and I sold the crabs for him. I did anything to make money! Baby sit? I was always baby-sittin'.
J. Now, this Mr. Otto. He owned the house all the time that your mother lived there I guess, right?
A. Not all the time. No.
J. Who did he sell to?
A. I don't know what happened. He died and the boys ... Oh! That's what happened. Why mother moved out. Now I remember.
E. Yeah.
A. He died, and Alvin ...
E. Yeah.
A ... came down and said that he was going to sell the places. And they <Altha's mother, step-father and Altha> would have to move.
J. That was Otto's son?
A. Yes. And so mother and them had to move then. And that's why they went down to the old Abercumbry house.
E. That's when that <word?> bought it maybe.
A. I don't know, because, don't you remember afterwards? Why, mother was in there again; after she and Pete separated, she went back.
E. This <word> last though. They were last.
A. Yeah, they were last. But ... Mother went back to it from the Abercumbry house. <Altha and Ernie pronounce it Abercrumbry, Abercrumby and Abercumbry; spelling unknown.>
E. Yeah, they went back there then. I remember that.
A. Yeah, they went back to it.
J. Now, this "Abercrumbry," what is that? Spell that?
A. Oh, gaw! I don't know how. It's an old-time name, an old-time family from way back. They wre people from out there in the Melville district.
J. Is it Abercrumby or Aber ...
A. Abercumbry is the way ...
J. Cumbry?
A. Abercumbry. A great, big, long name. They tore it down. <She means the Abercumbry house her mother and step-father Pedersen rented was torn down.>

J. Where was that at?
A. Oh, down ... way down. You know where Thriftway is?
J. Yes.
A. Right across from Thriftway.
J. Oh, across. What was it, a house?
E. Isn't there something there now?
A. No. They tore it down.
E. No, but there's something ...
A. Oh yeah, they built something there.
E. I thought it had a building there.
A. Oh yeah, there's buildings there.
E. A plumbing shop or something there.
A. Something. I don't remember now.
J. That would be on the west side of the ...
A. The river side.
J. Okay.
A. River side of Holladay, right across the street from Thriftway.
J. Okay.
A. But I don't know what they've built ...
E. Not toward the woods instead of the ocean.
A. I know. On the river!
J. So I understand they rented there.
A. Yeah. They rented.
J. That was with her husband or ...
A. He was there.
J. Emma and Pete.
A. Yes. And that's where I was married. <Altha married June 17, 1928.>
J. Oh!
A. Yes. But there was quite a big todo. There were two brothers and, I think, a sister. <She refers to the children of Mr. Otto.> I can't remember now. But mother was very upset when Mr. Otto died. He told her she could live there as long as she lived. Then ...
J. Nineteen twenty eight? <Alvin>
A. Then when he died, why the sons decided, this one, especially, he wanted the money. And there was quite a family battle, I guess. And finally, I don't know how or who had it but mother went back again. Whether one or other of the brothers got it or something, but, anyway, they let mother move back later.
J. Okay. And that was still in their <ownership> ... in the Otto family then?
A. I think it was, yeah. Of course, you see, I was married and gone so I didn't know what all was going on.
J. Okay. Gosh, I'm quick running out of questions here. I suppose as soon as you leave I'm going to think of ten thousand more. But if I do, I guess I could write you a letter.
A. Yeah. Yeah.
J. At least I know where you are at.
A. Yeah. Yeah. When I get home, I will write to Bob Bitterling and get his mother and father's dope. And then I'll contact Dorothy and probably stop there on our way out Tuesday and get the dope out of the Bible.
J. Now, she sent me some of the Fosmark family stuff out of the

Bible. Out of the Fosmark <family> Bible.
A. Who? Dorothy Norby?
J. Oh no! Dorothy Bitterling!
A. Oh, Bitterling. But I mean Dorothy Norby has the family <word Bitterling?> Bible.
J. Oh! Okay! Dorothy Norby.
E. We could write to them best.
A. Yes.
E. 'Cause we won't have time to stop and visit <the Norby home in Salem>.
A. Yeah. Well, I'll drop her a line and ask her to get all those dates out of the Bible. And ...
J. I remember the name Norby but I forget how to spell it. How do you spell it?
A. And I've got your address and I'll ask her to send them to you.
J. Okay. Is it N-o-r-b ...
A. b-y.
J. b-y. <N-o-r-b-y.> Where does she live?
A. Salem.
J. Salem, yeah. Okay.
E. She's on Columbia, isn't it?
A. No, they are on Chiles.
E. Chiles. Oh yeah.
A. Yes.
J. Okay. Now ...
A. And I will try to draw a picture of the house.
J. As you remember it?
A. As I remember the stairway and the bath. I can always remember that bathtub.
J. That's a big question ...
A. Because you know the stairway went up like that, and then it turned and went on up. And, of course, then <downstairs> you went down that little narrow hall to the bathroom.
J. A bath ...
A. And then the toilet was there, and the tub was over here. And the tub, of course, went so it was ... stairway ... so it came like that under the ... inside, under the stairway.
J. Did you have a bathroom upstairs and down also?
A. No. Just down.
J. Just downstairs?
A. Yes.
J. Okay.
A. Yes. And there was two rooms up there.
J. There were two rooms upstairs?
A. Two bedrooms upstairs; a small one and a larger one.
J. Now there's one, two, three, four rooms up there, plus a bath I think.
A. Oh there is?
J. Yes. You see they've built up above on the outside <above her mother's old bedroom, above the dining room and kitchen>, too, and they've built the big dormer on the <present> north side. I guess that happened ... I thought ...
E. By gosh, I think they did build a dormer up ...

A. No. No, honey.
E. When they done something to the roof, I thought it was done.
A. Well, I think he had to repair the roof 'cause it was leaking.
J. Evidently they did something at one time in what you say was your bedroom in the front where the double windows are.
A. Yeah?
J. They ... And those rooms up there now, you can see a big seam right across the ... it looks like they added eight or ten fet in the front of the house at one time, too.
A. Oh ...
J. A little kid would understand that. You can see the boards go along, and then there's a board comes across this way and it's all out of joint there in that front room, upstairs.
A. Oh. I don't know. I don't ...
J. But the front ... the picture today, the front of the house still looks like ... it still has the same two front windows in it.
A. Yeah. Yeah.
J. It looks identical <today as compared to the time when Altha lived in it>.
A. Yeah.
J. Maybe that was some repair work they did inside there at one time.
A. Probably, yeah.
J. Might have had some ... Probably had some leaks.
A. They might have put in some new beams or something.
J. Might have had some leaking going on, too.
A. Yeah! Yeah. Some leaking. 'Cause it was just the two bedrooms up there. And you know the stairway to 'em. And then we all had to use this one bath, 'cause it was the only one we had.
J. The bedroom would have been ... There was one in front and one in back. They wouldn't have been side-by-side would they?
A. Well, you know, where the two windows are. When you came up the stairway, here, you came to the door, here, for this bedroom. It was like that. And the other door was off of the hall, here, and it was just square like that, in the back.

<Helen Gaston rings my front door bell and I go to let her in.>

E. That was the door wasn't it?
A. I guess.
J. <Opening door> Come on in. Your late, your late!
H. I know!
J. They are late to lunch. But we're glad to see you. I was running out of questions here. I was afraid I was wearing her out! This is Helen Gaston. This is Altha and her husband, Ernie.
A. I used to go with a Gaston boy, but I don't know ...
H. Which? Robert?
A. I don't know. I can't remember.
H. Where was this?
A. In Central School.

H. What? Second grade?
A. It was in second or third. Ha ha.
H. Yeah. Robert went there; my husband.
J. <I hand Helen the three photos Altha brought.> That was her <Altha> when she was ... she said ... What? About twelve? With her mother. That would have been 1918.
H. Now, this house. Hm ... Well, you haven't showed her this one, the one we had been told had been the house. But I don't think it is now, looking at it. We thought it was ... But we ...
J. When she first looked, she ...
H. There were two in there.
J. This is the enlargement of the one I showed her. I showed her that already ... here. <I refer to the 1893 photo from the Genevieve Butterfield Young collection.>
H. Well, there's a road ...
J. When she <Altha> first looked at it ...
H. And the porch went ... goes this way, 'cause that ...
A. Mother and I used to sit out there and eat cherries.
H. You think that is the house, this is the original?
A. I could've been. Yeah, the original. And this fireplace, when we lived there, was covered with ivy and ... Oh. There's a room when we lived there. See here? Right here?
H. Yes.
A. That's the room off the living room!
H. Yeah? Okay, how did you use that room there?
A. Oh, company came. This was my bedroom.
H. Yes.
A. And in the back, this little old deal.
E. I remember that house in Astoria ...

<Ernie, who has been holding his peace for too long starts to talk to me! Out of courtesy I listen briefly, then leave the room. When he talks, the tape recording of Altha and Helen's conversation is blocked or difficult to discern.>

A. And right across the living room there was a door off the big bedroom, my mother's bedroom.
H. Okay. I've got a floor plan for you, I hope. And I think, yeah, there are a lot of changes. <Blocked by Ernie> ... and what was, what you put on, what your family put on.
A. All we did was repair.
H. Okay. And as I see it in those pictures, it was part of the house right here. <Blocked> .. As I see it, back here, and came up to about here. Okay. This is the porch. See. Look at the big picture.
J. I'm afraid we are going to disrupt that tape recording. Excuse me. <I left room.>

<Ernie stops talking; tape is again clear.>

H. The porch came this way, over here. And there was steps here.
H. Did you have a dining room?

A. Yeah.
H. Let's see your pictures. Okay, that doesn't show in these.
A. But, see.
H. Wasn't that dining room added? Later?
A. No. It was there when we lived there.
H. Right next to the living room. Right in front, across the front?
A. Yes.
H. 'Cause see? It doesn't show.

<The 1893 photo shows a jog in the front of the house, around which the porch turned ninety degrees east for about a dozen feet to the windowed dining room wall. This is the "jog" to which Altha refers, below. It was still there in her day and is visible in the photo she brought showing her at age 12 (1918), standing with her mother in front of the house. The only change visible in the 1918 photo was an added downstairs room, the one Altha refers to as her mother's large bedroom, at the then northeast corner of the house. Whereas today, the dining room wall is flush with the front of the house. The present house shows that the dining room was extended so as to be flush with the front of the house, and that the south (now north) half of the upstairs, complete with dormer, was added. Also, the original small rear upstairs bedroom was enlarged to extend out over the room shown (in the 1918 photo) as added at the northeast corner downstairs; i.e., Emma's bedroom. The changes visible today could have been made anytime after Altha in 1928 got married and moved to Astoria with her husband. She apparently does not know or cannot recall when the modifications were made.>

A. Well, it's a jog. It wasn't even with ...
H. See this is it. See now. <Helen displays the current floor plan.>
A. The living room. Yeah, but it wasn't straight was it? The dining room? <She directs her question to her husband.>
E. I don't remember much about it.
H. The roof line. See? It's completely different now from what it is here.
A. That the way ... It's there, too.
H. Boy, but ...
A. But that's the way, 'cause that was my bedroom.
H. Yes.
J. See these little ... the stuff up in the crest there. Look at this. <In the 1893 photo, I point out the bracket near the crest in front, which later, under magnification, proves to be a mounting bracket for a flag, the mast of which goes up through a hole in the roof. Then I point out the same flag mounting bracket in Altha's 1918 photo of Altha and her mother Emma.>
H. Yeah.
A. Yeah. That's on that one too!
J. The same! The same structure!
J. Yeah.
A. Yeah. <Altha's attention returns to Helen's current floor

plan drawing.> That ... Now here's the living room. Alright. You come in here, and then there was a door here ... No. What's that?
H. That's a stairway now.
A. Well it isn't a stairway when I lived there!
H. Where was the stairway when you lived there?
A. Well, we had a door here to this room, a door here to this room, and then right here was the stairway. Is that a bathtub?
H. Yeah.
A. Alright. Alright. The stairway was right next to this room. You came right up here, went up here, over here, and back this way, and up to that room.
H. Oh!
A. And because, ah, the bathtub ... I was just tellin' him, I can always remember when we went in it. It wasn't that large either. It was just a very small bathroom, about like that, and the tub went under the stairway.
H. Under the stairway!
A. Yes.
J. So it <the stairway> came straight up this way and into the .. and then turned?
H. This ... This room must have been added on later. <I think Helen refers to an upstairs room.>
A. No! That was my mother's bedroom. <Altha refers to the downstairs.>
J. Not upstairs though. Downstairs. <I said this to Helen, more than to Altha, as I was afraid they were confused.>
A. Oh, downstairs, yes.
J. Now they've got one upstairs, too.
A. Well there wasn't anything above my mother's ...
H. Well no, there wasn't. <Looking at the enlargement of the 1893 photo.> See there isn't anything up above, upstairs above that. That's up over here.
A. Yeah. But the stairway wasn't there.
H. The stairway went right straight in here. Or the ... Your ... This was ...
A. There was a door here, and a door here to my mother's room. And that room was just about like that! <Audibly jabs Helen's floor plan with her finger.> And the stairway went up here, over here, and back here. Bacause the bathtub was under ... you know.
H. Under the stairs.

<Yeah, but who's on first!>

A. Underneath the stairs when you went in. It was a very narrow hall here in the living room that went into, and mother had, ah, in this narrow hallway where the stairs went up, why she had a little linen closet built there. My uncle <August Edward Bitterling> built that. And then the kitchen was here.
H. Yes?
A. And the pantry.
H. Where was the pantry?
A. Out there.

H. That way?
A. Yes. This was the ... You went in here to the kitchen, back door was out here, and then the pan ... There was a door ... Well, it was open. There. But that was the pantry. The sink and everything was in there.
E. But they probably remodeled all of that.
A. Well. It has! According to this <current floor plan>.
E. Yeah.
J. They've even changed ... do you see the front porch. If that's the same house, look at how they changed the porch on the front of the house.
H. Yeah. Yeah.
J. This would have been ...
A. They put a street in!
H. Yes?
A. They put a street in. See, when we were first over there, they just had a dirt road.
J. <To Helen> She said she was 14 <in this photo>; so this would have been 1920. That would have been 30 ... it was nearly 30 years after this <1893 photo> was taken.
A. Well, we were there during the war. We were during the war. <World War I.>

<My back door rings and I go to answer it. Jane Rodasky, Seaside Museum & Historical Society secretary, enters. I explain to her that we are taping Altha. I did not interrupt Altha to introduce Jane, who enters, seats herself quietly on the opposite side of the room and does not speak.>

H. You had a dining room?
A. Yes.
H. But it was jogged. It was jogged, it wasn't straight off of this, huh?
A. Well, maybe it was straight out.
H. Have you gone over and looked at the house now?
A. I just, we just drove by.
H. 'Cause see. There's a big dormer that comes off ... The roof comes out here, way out here.
A. But that's been ...
E. That's been added there.
A. Yes.
E. They've done something to the chimney, didn't they?
H. Well ...
A. The ivy, the ... was there, up there. And they were tryin' ... It was getting so bad that they wanted to take it off. And the morteror, the mortor came out of it. And so the fireplace smoked so bad that we boarded it up. We had a wood heater. And I can remember I'd had a great big baby doll and we were gone for fir... the wintertime for awhile and when we came back it was all damp, you know, and wrinkley. And so I stuck it under the heater. It practically burnt it up!
H. Oh!
A. We went away. - <Possibly refers to time the sewer was finally put in ...>
J. Is that <pointing to Altha's photo of a large doll> the baby

doll you are talking about?
A. No. It was a real baby doll. That one <in the photo>, I just sold that doll two years ago down here at a flea market.
H. <Groan!> For goodness sake!
J. <Groan!>
A. And that with my toddler clothes on it!
H. Oh! And it went ... And this was you when you were about 16?
A. No. I was about 14. <Photo of Altha alone on front steps.>
H. Fourteen?
A. Yes.
J. Nineteen twenty.
A. Yes.
H. This addition. This glasswork on the porch is cute.
J. That was ... my uncle Ed probably did that. It sounds like he did ...
A. Well there was some there. He repaired a lot of stuff. And the old playhouse. I don't know ... I wonder who got away with that.
H. Huh?
J. It just disappeared, huh?
A. It was just like the house.
H. It seems like I remember the playhouse being there in the early 60s.
A. Between the two houses.
H. Yeah.
A. See there was two houses there to start with.
H. Mrs. Roberts might remember that ... <Helen refers to a Marilyn Roberts who had a millinery shop, the House of Roberts, in the house sometime after 1961.>
A. But see the playhouse was up at <the ocean front>, for the <Butterfield> kids, at their <five> houses up on the beach. And then their kids were grown, so it <the playhouse> came down. And they said, "Do you care if I bring something down for your little girl?" And they <Altha's parents> said, "No." So they got a truck and had it hauled down and put it in there for me. And I had a playhouse!
H. Did your mother ever run a boarding house?
A. No. We rented rooms. Everything them days was rooms and tent cities.
H. Yes.
A. And in back of us was this huge tent city in the summer. And then in the summer, my bedroom ...
H. Were the bedrooms in here? In the house?
A. Yes. I was just telling him. Mother had her brother <August Edward Bitterling> build a big woodshed in the back off of the kitchen. And mother ... that was mother's bedroom in the summertime. She put her bed and everything out in the woodshed. And in the kitchen; on the wall when you came through the door into the kitchen, on this wall, we had a cot on hinges. And it went up on the wall in the day, with a curtain across. And then at night, you pulled it back and moved the table back; and that was my bedroom in the summertime. And the dining room was closed off and it was <served as> a big bedroom. And this was a bedroom. And this was a bedroom. And two bedrooms upstairs.

And mother rented those.
H. Two bedrooms upstairs.
A. Yes. Two bedrooms upstairs.
H. That must have been these two.
A. Well, where the <double> windows <in front of the house> are, that was mine.
H. This was yours?
A. Yes. And there was a small one in back of it.
H. There. In back.
A. Yes. And then we had a Jewish lady from Portland that came down, and she always took that big room, mother's main room. This was hers. And they'd play ... when her husband would come down ...
J. Where did your mother?
A. She slept in the woodshed! And in the summer that <Emma's bedroom> was her <the Jewish lady's> room. And she'd stay all summer. And when he <the Jewish lady's husband> would come down, "Papa" <the Jewish lady's husband> would come down <to Seaside from Portland>, and they'd play cards. And if "Papa" beat her, she'd get mad and throw the cards out the window! Ha ha. And then, "Did you go get the, for grandma, you go get the cards?" <Laughter.> And when I had to write a letter for her she'd say, "Sweetheart, you write one letter for grandma, okay? Dear Papa. Has'un good time. Thanks for the money ... Then you say whatever you want to," she says. <More laughter.> And every week I had to write a letter to "Papa."
H. This was the Jewish lady?
A. And she kept my mother's house full all summer. All Jews. And I was a blond girl, I was young, and I'd go to the dances, you know, and over to the games or whatever, with all the Jewish girls. And everybody said, "Gee. Who's that blond Jewish girl?" Ha! I was always considered Jewish. <Laughter.> For years they thought I was Jewish. And I was in high school when my hair started turning, and up until that time, I ...
H. Did your mother have anything to do with the other Butterfield families or just this one?
A. Yeah. She was ... my first step-father, this <word> fellow. They <the Butterfield children> had five place up here on the ... I was trying to tell him. I don't know if it was Fourth or Fifth. Three houses faced the beach and two faced the street, this way. There was five of 'em. And we were caretakers of 'em. And when the family were coming down for the summer, my mother and step-father had to go up and get the fire started and get the dampness out of the place. And scrub the floor. And the windows; and all that. And mother and him were caretakers.
J. That was Mr. DeGolia. <Guy DeGolia, Altha's first step-father.>
A. Yeah.
H. Yeah.
A. Yeah. Yes.
H. Now did the Butterfields ever live in the house that you were in?
A. I think their old folks did, to start with, you know. They, I think, they lived there in the summer. They were summer

homes.
H. Yeah.
A. All of 'em. And I think they <the Butterfields> was two brothers. They were wholesale jewelers in Portland. And I think they did <live in the two houses on Columbia>. And then when their family grew up, then they built these up here <on the ocean front>, later, for the family.
H. So these are older than the ones up here?
A. Oh yes!
H. Do you have any idea when this was built?
A. No. You've got a picture haven't you. Or something. <She directs this question to me and refers to the 1893 photo.>
J. The same one Helen has. Hers is an enlargement.
H. This one. The big one. I knew they were ... 1893 is what ....
A. Well, they were the first houses built on this side of the river. Nobody wanted, you know ...
H. They were the first houses on this side?
A. Yeah, they were some of the first houses. <Note that she modifies her statement to "some of the first," instead of "the first.">
J. She said there was nothing but trees to the west when she was a child. 'Cause ... There was one house between her and the Hotel Moore, on Broadway!
H. Hotel Moore was built about this same time?
A. Oh, it was built already. But it was a big deal then.
J. She mentions the Catholic Church, too. It was there.
A. Oh yes, the Catholic Church. I was over there half the time. I wasn't Catholic, but I was over there! They ... During the war <World War I>, the father left there, the priest, and he went into service and went overseas. And his two sisters lived with him and took care of the house. Well, they they built a house in back of the church, here.
J. Which row? Which row? First row?
A. Yeah. First row.
A. Yeah. And she was teaching French. But when she was living there with her brother, I understood, between the church and the parsonage down below, between, they had a big garden there, and flowers and all. And I was over there every day helping her weed the garden and things. And then one day I helped her in the church, you know. I was over there, and a kid, and I bumped the darn thing and the light went out. That one that burns all the time. Was I scared! "Don't tell father! Don't tell father! We'll light it quick!" <Laughter all.> And I was over there, and everybody asked my why I never joined the church and ... Nobody asked me! And then I sang for the Methodist church, oh, for years I sang there. I was in the junior choir and then they got me in the adult choir. And Dr. Hodges was gonna get married and they wanted to have a regular rose arch, you know, rose petals and all. Lots of roses. So on the church they had this beautiful pink climber. Boy! It just climbed all over there. And just loaded with roses. So I go: they wanted me to help. I was with <laughter> ... The priest that was there, he was red headed with freckles. And mother and I named him "Freckles."

And so he always stopped by to talk to us. We had the garden and all. And I went over and said, "I have to have some roses for a wedding. Can I have a few of yours?" He said, "Come on." We goes out and he picks every damn rose off that bush and gives 'em to me. Here I goes over to the Methodist Church! <Laughter.> And they go, "What are you doing?" She says, "Did you go to the Catholic Church and get some flowers and bring 'em over here? <Laughter.>
H. <Laughter.>
J. <Ditto.>
H. This is a picture of the inside.
A. That's ... That's the old fireplace. Are they using it? Evidently, eh? Gorgeous.
H. No. This one came from the Butterfields.
A. Oh. That's a big <chair?>. That's a big one there.
J. That's long before you were ...
H. Did you have the little window like that, there?
A. Yeah. Yeah. Yes. And then the room that went out, you see, faced over this way. Yeah, there was a window there and ... and two big windows here.
H. Did you have that type of curtain on yours?
A. I don't know. My mother had lace panels on them. Yeah.
H. Do you remember anything about how your room was furnished?
A. Well, all I can remember, and I'm still mad at my mother, and she's been dead for years, is she had the slop jar, and I still have one for the bar ...
H. Where ...
A. At a bar. And then we had the great big wash bowls and the big pitcher, you know, and then the handle ... chamber of commerce under the bed. And in all the rooms that's all we had, you know in the rooms. And I had that in my room. We had a little commode, you know, where the wash bowl would sit. And then just the bed and a dresser, that's all, in there.
H. Was the bed metal or was it wood?
A. Yes, it was a metal one. It was a metal bed.
H. Iron? Was it just the round type? Or was it fancy?
A. Well, it had a few fancy knobs here and there on it. Of course I always had all my junk in there so it was pretty well decorated. <Laughter.>
J. What kind of walls did it have? Do you remember? Wallpaper? Or anything like that.
A. I don't think it had wallpaper; that kind that ...
J. Just bare walls?
A. I think it was just painted. Yeah.
H. Tongue-and-groove?
A. Well, I can't remember that.
H. Oh.
A. You know, I wouldn't have known at that time whether it was tongue-and-groove or what it was. It was just walls to me. But they were painted.
H. With a stain. Was it stain?

<DISK 42/FIVETAPE>

A. You know mother and I helped paint in there every once in awhile.
H. Your ... Was it ... Do you remember the ceiling? It was <made> of little, narrow boards?
A. I don't remember that.
H. Did you have a closet in that room?
A. I don't think I did. I think we had a rack or something. I don't remember a closet in either room up there. I know that mother had an uncle <Altha's uncle August Edward "Ed" Bitterling> build some closets in her room and then she had him build a closet in the hall for linen going to the bathroom; she had one there.

<Jane Rodasky had earlier handed me a note with a request to ask Altha about Christmas celebrations at the house. I pass the note to Helen at this time, who reads it and responds.>

H. Do you remember anything about Christmas? Celebrating Christmas there?
A. Oh yeah. We used to have family Christmas gatherings there alright.
H. Can you tell us something about that?
A. Well, we always had a big tree. My mother had to have a tree. If there wasn't a darn thing on it, she had to have a big tree. And, always, it was decorated and always ...
H. With what?
A. Oh, we had ... Oh! She had every ornament you could find on the tree. That's my mother. In the olden days when she was a kid out at ... in the old home, grandpa <Julius W. Bitterling> would make gingerbread cookies for the tree. And my mother never got one recipe of my grandfather's! And he was a baker! And they would put apples, and string cranberries, and string popcorn; like that. But we got past that. We had tinsel, you know, and all these fancy Christmas balls and all. And, then I always had to go to church Christmas Eve to sing; and the family would ... And then, we'd take us kids over to church and the women would stay at home and get all the gifts out under the tree. And then we'd come home and Santy Clause would have been there, and we missed him. Always we missed Santy Clause! And I can remember I had a great big ... my step-father DeGolia was a carpenter ... he made a great big crib, like that. 'Cause I had a baby doll about that big <which> my mother had gotten me. And it had all my baby clothes on it. And it was under the Christmas tree. And one of my cousins, well there's two <Ardabelle and Dorothy Thomson> — there's only thirteen months between them — and they got a cute little doll, about like that, somebody had given them. And they got those <little dolls> first. And then from in behind the tree they pulled out this cradle and that big doll for me. I must have been ten <1916>. And the younger one <Altha's cousin, now Mrs. Dorothy (Thomson) Norby of Salem>, she went over and she looked in there <at Altha's big doll in the big crib>, and she looked at her doll; she turned around and she threw that doll at her

mother <and said>, "I Don't want that thing!" <Laughter.> And I can remember, I think that same Christmas, I always had ... My mother was a very good seamstress. And I always had hand-me-downs; and my mother would make them over. And this Christmas she said, "I'm going to give you your Christmas present before you go to church." And she said, "Right in under the bed in your room." At that time I had the little room down <downstairs> off the living room. And I went in there and mother had made me two dresses. One was <open?> rolls with a velvet over the <word>, you know; and the other was taffeta with also an over deal in plaid. Oh! Did I have a struggle inside <over> which dress I was going to wear to church. and I finally picked one and Oh! I was so pround they could hardly get me through the door. I was so proud! I had a brand new dress; nobody else had ever worn it! Oh! I was proud. And the women all came there later for the program, and they'd heard. They were over there for a program. But every Christmas until I was 16, I was singing in that Methodist Church, for choirs.
H. But what kind of meals did you get for Christmas?
A. Oh, that was a big deal. After everybody opened their presents, when we had our ... when we had the ... Potato salad and punkin pie, mince meat pie and fruit salad and, oh, crackers and cheese and olvies and pickles; and it was a big deal. You shouldn't even go to bed after you ate. And sliced meat, cold meat, you know, stuff like that. Then we ne'r had turkey 'till next day. We always had turkey on Christmas Day.
H. Well, this was Christmas Eve?
A. Christmas Eve. They were German and always Christmas Eve was observed with your Christmas exchange of presents and everything. In fact, I've done it all my life, because that's the way I was brought up. And Christmas Day is your big turkey dinner. And that's the way ...
H. So that would have been ... happened, the Christmas Eve deal, was after you came back from church?
A. Yes.
H. You had church early then?
A. Oh yeah. They always had a big cantata, a Christmas cantata at the Methodist Church on Christmas cantata.
H. In the eve?
A. Christmas Eve, about 7 o'clock.

<Ernie starts talking again, making it difficult to hear Altha and Helen on tape.>

A. ... a big cantata. Then afterwards we'd all rush home to open our gifts, you know. And then after we had our gifts we <word> had a buffet. <Missed words, blocked by Ernie.>
H. Do you remember the furniture in your dining room?
A. Oh, it wasn't anything fancy. Just some old .... a <word>, table and chairs that we bought. We didn't have nice furniture or anything.
H. You don't remember what it was?
A. No, I don't remember.
H. Did you have a buffet?

A. No, we didn't. Mother had an old built-in. She had it built, a buffet, later, in there, and it was a buffet with ... the doors went down, doors here and then the top sat back, and it was glass doors.. In fact, we <put> the bottom half of that in our living room up at Astoria. We took it up there. <Words> with the glass doors in our basement, in the rumpus room. We had a huge corner <word> fireplace and a bar here, then around there was where out kitchen part was. 'Cause we entertained large groups. And the glass doors were above the sink, and ... for the dishes ... and then the bottom part, clear across was to store our other stuff that we needed. And then it goes back; we built shelves because I had a <word> collection. Of course we sold that before moving into Portland eleven years ago.
H. What location was that?
A. Do you remember our address?
E. Where?
A. Of our big house in Astoria.
E. Lexington, at ...
A. Yeah. West Lexington.
E. It was on four sixty <blocked>.
A. I can't remember the number. <Both talking at once.>
E. We were lookin' at ... right above the port docks. You could see the port docks.
A. Yeah, we could look ... Out over the trees was the ocean and Warrenton.
E. And we could see the airport.
A. It was a great big house. <Both talking.>
E. We could see the airport real good.
A. On Lexington. When you come up Lexinton, there was a curve like that, and it goes on up that way. Well, we were before you got to the curve. We owned two houses there.
E. It was the only one with a tiled roof on that whole block.
H. Who has it now? The fellow is ...
A. We just was looking. He was just reading in the Budget that ... I guess he was the one that died. We were lookin'

<Tape ran out; restarted. Missed a few words.>

A. ... how straight it was. It was curved at the end ... and she had a dresser that matched.
H. What about the living room. Do you remember the furniture at all?
A. Yeah. We had a davenport. We had and upright piano.
H. Okay. Now, what years are we talking about?
A. Well, I'm 79, and I moved there when ... Mother was living there when she got me back from my father when I was eight years old <circa 1914>. When she had this old upright piano. And I just beat the devil out of it!
A. I'm falling off! <Altha was seated too far forward on the edge of the love seat. She moves back on her seat as she says this. Helen is seated on the same couch, on Altha's right.>
H.You don't remember what kind it was do you?
A. It was a Gilbert.
H. Gilbert.

A. Yes.. It was a Gilbert.
H. Was it ornate? Or plain? Or?
A. Just plain. It was a used one. My mother bought it. Then it had a round stool that went with it. And she had a davenport. I remember that.
H. Do you remember what the davenport was like?
A. No. And there was a wooden rocking chair.
H. A wooden rocking ...
A. Yes, a wooden rocking chair. And there seems like there was another wooden chair there. I can't remember if we had two; I think we had two rocking chairs!
H. Did you have a library table? Or ...
A. No, we didn't have a table in there.
H. Okay. Did you have electricity?
A. Yes.
H. When did you get that? You always had it, as far as your know?
A. As far as I can remember.
A. Now, the chamber pots in the rooms. Now, did you have a toilet and a sink?
A. Yeah, there was a toilet and a sink and a tub.

<I whisper good bye to Jane Rodasky, who left quietly via the kitchen door to do an errand.>

H. Toilet, sink and tub. And was there a toilet or a sink or a tub in the upstairs?
A. No. No. Just those two rooms. That's all that was up there.
E. They probably <word> out of it. Out of <word>.
A. Well they had! The stairway isn't where it was!
E. <Words; not distinct.>
A. Yeah.
H. 'Cause there is indication that there was at one time some kind of plumbing up there in that second floor, but we haven't figured out ... <blocked>.
A. Whether it was or not?
A. Yeah.
A. Okay. Because we didn't have it <any toilet facilities upstairs>. That's why we had those potties. Yeah. Because <stopped>.
H. You don't remember anything about the couch at all, the davenport, at all?
A. No. I don't.
H. Whether it was leather or ...
A. No, it wasn't leather.
H. Or whether it was cloth?
A. It was cloth. And it wasn't much <fanciful?>. It was a cheap one.
H. Type of Victorian? Or was it ... Do you recognize furniture, the various?
A. No, I can't. Mother changed so much that I can't remember.
H. The table and chairs. Do you remember the chairs that were around the table at all? Were they real straight? Or were they ornate?

A. No, they were ...
H. Were they laying <blocked>.
A. I can't ... I think they were just ... Didn't even have leather seats. They was just a plain old wooden chair.
H. Like, oak chairs?
A. Yeah. Something like that, yes.
H. Kind of mission type then, eh?
A. Yes. Mother bought a dining room set. Do you remember what it was like? <Question directed to her husband.>
E. I don't know. I can't remember. You mean over at the Abercrumby place?
A. No. She bought it here, in this house where they lived, before they moved down there.
E. <No response.>
A. I can't remember. It seems to me it was a dark wood and it was oblong. But at first we just had a plain old square table.
H. Square?
A. Well, you know.
H. Rectangular?
A. And then you pulled out ... put leaves in it.
H. It had leaves?
A. Yeah. We had that. And then we had a little .... a small wood table in the kitchen; and some wood chairs there in the kitchen. And a big wooden range.
H. A wood range.
A. A wood range in the kitchen.
H. Did you have an ice box?
A. No.
J. No ice in the house at all?
A. No.
J. The pantry had a vent? So it went outside, screened to the outside?
A. Yeah. It was one of those. A cooler, where they have a ... Like the olden days. I can always remember that pantry and the wood stove.
H. Can you climb! <Helen here indicates her eagerness to have Altha take a look inside the old house.>
A. And at the end of the stove was the wood box. And, of course, this DeGolia was a well ... struck my mother. And I was standing by the stove, so I just reached down, grabbed a hunk of firewood and started for him. And my mother screamed and jumped in between us. I would have hit him. I was just that way. Another time I was washin' dishes. And my mother screamed when he hit her. And out of that pantry I came with a butcher knife. I was washing dishes and I grabbed the first thing; it was a butcher knife. And that scared my mother; that's when she left him. She said if she didn't, I'd've had him killed. And he started at me one time, when I was 16 <circa 1922>. And he, he was a chaser. And he'd got a letter from his girl friend. And I was in his hip pocket. And I pick pock'd. And I was reading it out loud in front of his relatives that was there, when it dawned on him what I was reading. And he took a swing and, he did, and I dropped it behind the stove in the cat's basket. And he turned on my mother and he knocked her clean across that

kitchen in the corner, and started beating her up. And then he was cussing his cousin, she was expecting, too. <The cousin> went screaming out the back door. And she kept screaming, "He's killing her! He's killing her!" So I took over. And I got over there and I started kicking him. He was stooped over and I started kicking him. And I grabbed him by the back of ... hair, to get him off my mother. She was down on her knees, down there. And we was just beating her. And then when he got up, I turned and ran in the bathroom and went, I can always remember that old bathroom door, you know. It had one of those slip locks, like that, on the thing. All he had to do was go bang, and it was open. And that's what he did. And I was bawling. And he started at ... When he forced that door open, I took one look at him; I said, "I'm going to tell my father!" And my father was living in Seaside then. And he was scared to death of my father. My father <William Roberts> would have killed him if he ever laid a hand on me. And he had threatened him, "If you ever lay a hand on my daughter, I'll kill you." And when I said that, boy, he just wilted! Right there! And that's when we left and went back to Portland with his cousin and <word> ... And I told my mother I would never come back as long as he was there. So she kicked him out then. So then I came back.
H. Oh, you did come back?
A. Oh yes, I came back.
H. And then how long did you stay?
A. Oh ... 'Til I went up to ... Well. How long did we stay there? <She asks herself this question.> We <Altha and her mother Emma> went to Astoria for the winter, rented a little house up there by her sister <her mother's sister Louise Bitterling Cole-Thomson, possibly then married to her first husband John L. Cole>. And I went to high school there; I was a freshman. And we were still living there when I was a freshman. And then we came back for the summer. She came back. And it was one weekend. I was still in school <in Astoria>; it wasn't out yet. She <Altha's mother> went back <to Seaside> to be ready for Decoration Day. See, people started coming down on Decoration Day. And she was all black and blue! And I asked her what happened. And she said that picture was .. those windows, you know, up above there?
H. Yes?
A. No. Up here.
H. Yes.
A. She said she fell off a chair hanging curtains on that window. So when we got back to Astoria, I was kind of unhappy and uneasy. And my aunt says, "Well, I'm going to tell you," she says. "I didn't dare tell you. Your mother begged me not to, but," she said, "he came over there and he was trying to make her come back to him. And he beat her up." And she was black and blue from head to foot.
J. Which aunt do you mean, when you said your aunt?
A. Louise. They lived up in Astoria then.
H. What's this sign?
A. I think that's "Willamena."
H. Willamena?

J. That's her middle name; Altha's middle name.
A. That's my middle name. "The willamena."
H. And that's what they called the house?
A. Yes.
J. Let me have a look at that.
H. W-i-l ...
J. <Looking at doll photo through magnifying glass.> Wait a minute, this says "R-Y-L-A-N-D?" R-Y-L-A...?
A. No, it wasn't Ryland.
J. It says "RYLAND," it looks like.
A. No, because I'm sure they named it the Willamena. W-i-l-l ... I .... m-e-n-a. <She spelled it Willamena, when I asked her the previous evening.>
H. W-i-l-l-i-m-e-n-a? <Note confusion in spelling.>
A. Yes. <Does she mean it?>
J. It's either RYLAND or HYLAND. I can't read it. HYLAND, I think. Why don't you look at that. <Gave magnifying glass and photo to Altha.> Of course you were pretty young then, so you wouldn't remember, but ...
A. <Looking through magnifying glass.> Oh yeah. HYLAND.
J. HYLAND.
A. Yeah, HYLAND.
H. HYLAND?
A. HYLAND. HYLAND. But she <Emma> did call it the Willamena.
J. Now which house would that have been? Would that have been the one ...
A. This.
J. The same one you lived in?
A. Yes.
J. <To Helen.> Because she said she had lived at the other one for awhile, too.
A. Yes, until they burnt it down when we were in Pendleton.
H. Okay. Now, do you know the woman, the people that owned the house next door. That was a Butterfield <house> too.
A. Yeah. Yeah. Both of 'em. They were all in one yard. <The 1893 photo shows that the fence enclosed both houses on one lot.>
H. Okay. Do you have that picture with the information on the back of it? <Helen refers to the 1893 photo of house bearing caption on back by Genevieve Butterfield Young.>
J. She doesn't ... I've already asked her when she was ...
H. Do you know ... Well, okay.
J. She didn't know Mrs. Knowles.
H. Mrs. Knowles.
A. No. I didn't know her.
H. And she lived at the house on the right.
A. But, you see, that's way back in eighteen something and I wasn't born until 1906. Ha ha.
H. You were born in 1906?
A. Yeah.
J. I've got that <full birthdate> too.
H. Yeah, I know.

<I had given Altha's place and date of birth to Helen via telephone last night, after speaking with Altha on the phone

earlier that day and arranging this meeting. Altha Willamena Roberts was born May 23, 1906, at her parents' farm on Dellmoor Road near Seaside.>

A. They ... See, he was a carpenter and he had a job as a contractor that had a ... to build a great big, expensive, beautiful home in Pendleton for a sheep rancher. And so we had to go up there while he was working; and we were there about four months or so. And I went to school up there.
J. This was DeGolia.
A. DeGolia. And then the owners, they were living there, and they wanted, liked my mother so well that she wanted us to live there, and they would build a house right on their place there for us if we would move up there so that mother could be her companion. But, of course, there were no children or anything from me to paly with on the ranch. But I had my own buggy. And they had three pups; big pups. And I'd get those three pups all dressed up and put two in the seat with the three-year-old in the back and the little ones down in front. And they were my family, and they made ...

<The Seaside fire alarm temporarily disrupts Altha.>

A. Fire isn't it?
J. Yeah.
H. Yeah. Fire.
A. And when we came back, see, mother, they would rent that house, and the renter was living there, and when it burned down when we got back. So. The second house in that, right in, yeah, they were exact alike.
J. That one <that burned down>, that would be to the south.
A. Yes.
J. On the south side.
A. Yes, toward Broadway.
E. Over toward Broadway.
A. Yes.
H. As far as you know, those houses were never moved.
A. Well, I was eight years old <circa 1914, when Altha's mother recovered Altha from her father William Roberts and returned her to the Seaside house> and my mother lived in there a year or two years before that <circa 1912>, and they <the houses> were right there. That was 71 years ago. It was longer than that, because see I'm 79.
H. So at least ... It was there in 1904.
A. Yes it was. 'Cause I was born in 1906 and my mother and father separated when I was five, and my father took me and left for California. And I was, well, I was five and a half. And I was about eight when we came back and my mother got me. And they was, she was remarried to this DeGolia, and they were, had been living ever since in that place.
H. And this was actually ...
A. I would say they had moved in there, well, 73 years at least ago that they had lived there.
H. As far as you know this house was built before these ones on

the ocean front?
A. Oh yes! I know they were. Yeah! Because those up there were built for their <the Butterfields'> kids.
H. Okay.
A. The old folks had these.
H. At ocean front, were they built after you were born?
A. Oh yes! Because when I was with mother we used to go up there and clean 'em and get 'em ready for them <the Butterfield children and their families> to come down. And I was at least ten years old then and they were up there then. so they must have been built around 1908 or something in there.
H. 1908 ...
A. Or somewhere in there.
J. After 1908 in any case?
A. Oh yeah, they were in the nineteens. And there were five of them. They <the older Butterfields> was, two brothers. It was their children. And they had sons and daughters. And when they married, they had families, and they'de come down for the summer months in these houses. And then when they'd leave, why the folks would have to go up and seal them all up, you know, for the ... Because then, the ocean during the winter storms would come up and splash on the porch. And they had to board the front windows up to keep them from breaking.
J. You don't know who built those places do you?
A. No. No, I don't.
J. They all looked pretty much the same as the ones you lived in then?
A. Yes. Yes, they were all built by the same ...
J. So there were seven that almost looked identical? <Seven> all together?
A. Yes. But those five were all alike.
H. But this one <on Columbia> definitely is the same house?
A. Yes. Yes. I really feel that that's it. Yes.
H. The porch is different.
A. They tore the chimney down finally, on the outside, of course. That was long after I was married and gone. But this here, right across here, here on the knoll, was a great big house, summer house for some people from Portland. <She here refers to a house across Oceanway to the north of the house she lived in; it is visible in the 1918 photo of herself and her mother and in the photo of the big doll.> And this here <pointing to the second house to the south of hers in the 1893 photo> is the other <Butterfield> house that was there.
J. You say on the knoll? <Referring to the house across Oceanway to the north.>
A. Yeah, it was a knoll ... <words>. They've got cabins on there now. Its on Oceanway, probably on Oceanway, right across the side, not in front of this. It's right across the street this way. <Altha indicates a location across Oceanway to the north of her house.>
J. Oh. That's the Midtown Motel. The city just bought that for $200,000; they're going to make a parking lot.
A. Oh, they are?
E. Did Dick Hake own that? <Phonetic spelling.>

A. And who was the ... <Everyone is talking at once.>
E. Dick Hake was the manager, I believe, years ago.
A. He was the manager when they built the cottages there.
E. Do you remember Hakey?
J. No, I don't.
E. Them cottages, they had to go up; they were up on a hill I remember. Before the manager Dick Hakey, I remember that.
A. This is the <thing?>. I remember the Fourth of July, you know, I finally did get a little package of firecrackers, and mother said, "Don't you shoot 'em in the yard!" So I goes out here in the front, in the sand, you know. It <present-day Columbia> was a little sand street. And I lit one and ran like the devil into the yard. And about the time it was going to say pop! some woman came by with a lot of bread. Whew! Boy did I get it!
J. That was very interesting about the flower ... about the dahlia bed that her mother had.
A. Oh yeah, it was! From here, this porch, all in here.
E. I remember them. They were dahlias.
A. All in here, on this side of the walk <points to south side of walkway to her house>, mother had dahlias. And she had dahlias about that big! Oh! They were just .... Everybody that went by admired them. Any time mother made a garden, people admired it. And then; the house burnt down right in back. Mother had a great big pampas grass plant. Oh, it was just huge!
H. That still was over there, up until, well ... <words>. But the house is gone.
A. Yeah. Well, mother had that. And then all around there was her garden. And boy, she used to have a garden! People would come along and buy ... she had peas and beans and carrots and beets and everything. And they'd come by and ask to buy. Then when Mr. Otto bought the place and they let, during that time, but when he died ...
H. Did you get his first name?
J. No, she didn't know it.
A. No.

<Note: David H. Hendrickson, age 84 (born in 1904), who has lived in Seaside all his life, tells me the owner of Otto's Grocery was named B. W. Otto and that he had two sons, Fred and Alvin Otto, and possibly one daughter whose name he could not recall. "B. W," as the elder Otto was known, was "careful with his nickles; he was really stingy." He had first ran a store on the present site of Pacific Power, at the northwest corner of Broadway and Roosevelt. According to Hendrickson, Otto sold that business to a "Russian" who changed its name to Columbia Supply. B. W. Otto's next business was the grocery (the one Altha knew as a child) on the northwest corner of Broadway and North Downing, which grocery Altha says Mr. Otto sold to a man named Lundburg. Mr. Hendrickson could not recall Lundburg's name but knew that he was the oldest of two brothers; the younger worked for Crown Zellerbach Corp. Hendrickson also added that B. W. Otto moved to Santa Barbra, Calif., when he

sold the grocery. Neither Altha nor Hendrickson could recall the year Otto sold, but Hendrickson recalled having bought lunch meat there in the 1930s to make his sandwiches (he was a logger), before his marriage in 1937. -JMF>

A. When he died ... I remember one son was Alvin. That's all I can remember, because I didn't know him, I just heard it from my mother.
J. How many sons were there?
A. It seems to me it was two girls and a boy. But I could be wrong. And, anyway, they decided that we're not going to ... we weren't going to live there no more. Because, you see, mother got such cheap rent.
J. That was after Mr. Otto died?
A. After he died, the kids inherited it. And so they came over and told my mother she had to move out because they were going to sell it. So we went down then to the Abercrumby place. And mother had a great huge garden down there; and clear back on the river bank she had chickens there. And she grew sweetpeas. And those sweetpeas were this high and <had> this long stems on 'em. And she furnished all the restaurants in town with them, with sweetpeas for ... They'd have stems like that! And they'd be four or five blossoms to a stem, and they were all ... I was always peddling 'em. And they'd call and ask <words> and I'd have to go up and deliver all those sweetpeas and all. And then her peas! Oh! She had the most wonderful garden peas! And the stores would ask about it, her garden stuff. Well, then of course, ah ... I don't know what happened. I guess the ... Us kids had quite a battle, a fight, but after that then my step-father and my mother moved back to that house again. And they were back there almost before ... until she died.
H. Oh? When did she die?
A. I can't remember.
J. She died in 1961.

<Emma died March 10, 1961, Portland, Ore., and is buried beside her first husband William Roberts at Oceanview Cemetery, Warrenton, Clatsop Co., Ore.>

A. Sixty-one. Yeah.
H. Oh.
A. But she died there in Portland. And that house they left, it was just ...
H. So this Mrs. Roberts then probably bought it from this Oat, er not Oats, but ...
A. Otto?
J. Otto.
H. Otto?
A. I don't know did she own it?
H. Yeah. She said she owned it. Oh no. Her... her <words> from <word>. So then they had the House of Roberts after that then.
A. Well, where is she from? See, my mom was named Roberts. And I wonder where she <Marylin Roberts> was from?

<DISK 42/SIX PAPL>

H. They came from Portland. He was with Shell Oil Company. And they came down here to retire.
A. That's a Welch name. And they all wondered where I got my <word> because my mother couldn't <word> and they found out it was my Welch side.
H. Well, I'm supposed to see her this week. She's in her 80s.
A. I'll be 80 my next birthday you know. I'll be 80.
J. Let's talk about the last, since the 60s, that she had it. Because if they retired ... He was retired you say when they came here, so it would have put him up in his 60s when they arrived.
H. Well, she closed the shop in her 60s. In her 60s.
A. Where? In Portland?
H. No, the one you lived at.
A. Oh! Here.
H. The House of Roberts.
A. Oh, Every time we were down here we'd go, "Well, we've gotta go in there sometime and see if she's a relative of mine." We never did go in there.
J. How long was it there? Do you remember? The House of Roberts.
A. No, I don't.
H. Did your mother ...
E. It must have been quite awhile. I remember seeing the name there.
A. They asked me ... 'Cause, "Oh, is that some relative that has her own home?" The one where we used to live in. I'd say, "Why?" <They would reply>, "Well, it's still the house of Roberts." And I'd say, "I don't know anybody ..." But there was lots of Roberts down here. And I think some of uncle John's kids Moved to Portland. So it'd be kinda hard to find out if she was any relation. There was Tom Roberts and John Roberts and ...
J. Uncle John? Who do you mean, "uncle John?"
A. My dad's brother, uncle John.
J. Your dad's brother. Okay.
A. But they had a bunch of kids. But Tom Roberts, they didn't have any kids did they, pa? Oh, he was a nephew, that's right. He was a nephew. But uncle John and uncle <words> ... My dad <word> worked in the woods. And my dad was a cripple. Because he was one of, that put the chains ... the <word> chains or something on the log. And he got one on ... and was leaving and somehow or another the fella that was running it, the donkey or something, he swung it wrong, towards my dad. And they screamed for my dad to run. And he did, but it was too late and it caught him right back in there <indicates lower back>. And they brought him in by the house and <words>, "But he'll never make it; he'll never make it." But he pulled through.
J. How old was he when that happened?
A. I don't remember. All I know is what they told me.
H. Now this was Roberts?
A. Yes. My father. Yes.
J. This happened before you were born? Or?

A. No, it was after we were living here in Seaside. Yes. And it happened, like I say, I cant remember; I was just a baby.
J. So he was crippled the rest of his life?
A. Yes. He was crippled. Yes. But he had crippled feet. When they came over from Wales, they settled back in, I can't remember, one of those cold places in the midwest. And they had cattle. And they were farmers. And he and his dad went out in this terrible cold. He went out to feed the cattle in the snow. And his feet froze in his boots. And they had to cut the boots off to get his feet out. And from then on his feet were crippled. And <words> a boy. He never could dance, because ... He would square dance <word>. And so ...
J. Your dad?
A. My dad.
H. I'm enjoying this immensely, but my problem is I'm doing a wedding this afternoon.
A. I can understand that, because we have to be down at the temple by 5:30.
H. Are you going to be here tomorrow also?
A. We leave in the morning. We have to get back. We're leaving Tuesday morning for California.
H. Oh.
J. <To Helen.> Are you going to have those <photos> copied?
H. Can we get these copied?
A Yes. He has our Portland and our California address.
H. Okay. So then we can keep them and then just send them to you.
A. Yes.
H. Do you want us to send them to California or what?
A. We'll be there until March; in California.
H. Do you want them sent there?
A. Yes, send them down there.
H. Okay.
J. Okay. I'd rather get them back to her today.
H. Could you do that, Jack? Because I really do have to get going. I'm doing the food for about 75 people.
J. I'll take them up and ... I can get them copied right up here, like you did. Can they do it right away?
H. Yes. Tell ... Just ask him if there is any way he can take the picture right away. And then maybe you can get it right back to them.
A. Well, he knows where I'm at down ... We're down on Columbia; on South Columbia.
J. Do you know the address there?
A. You go up this way and ...
E. Edwards.
A. It's by Edwards. I gave him <Jack> the phone. You can get her address out of the phone book.
J. Okay.
E. Do you know Edward ... Do you know Edward Keats?
A. Edward Sheets?
J. The name struck a bell, but I can't ...
A. Well, they're next door to them. They are down on Columbia.
E. Well, you'll see the car there.

A. Our truck will be in the front there.
J. Okay. I'll try to get them copied. I don't want to worry about them.
A. It's too bad that we were going to move, you know, down to California. So I've got all the old albums. My mother's and my dad's. And mom and <words> and went through everything and pictures of some of them I sent to my friends. And all of that stuff they threw away.
H. Oh! <Groan.>
A. And they were about the Seaside fire. I had a bunch of those. And war store ... flowers in our <word> was an old card collector and I gave him a bunch of them. So I got rid of an awful lot of stuff, and now I'm sorry I did! Cause we didn't move!
J. I'm sorry to see you have to leave. I haven't had a chance to show you any of the old photos that I've got.
A. Well, I'll tell you. When we get back we'll have to come down.
J. You'll have to do that!
A. We have to come down for their installation and all. That, see we belong in Astoria in the <honorants?>, and they are having an official visit tonight, here, and tomorrow afternoon in Astoria. But we have a 27-foot travel trailer that we're trying to sell now that we're not going to move. And so we want to get rid of it; and some people want to see it tomorrow afternoon. It's the only time they can come. And we're interested to get rid of it if there's any chance at all. Why, he's got it all winterized and covered and all. So, a big tarp over it.
J. Ernie, you've been pretty good, sitting over there quiet and listening to all of this!
A. He is quiet. I'll tell you; he's got the patience of Job. We've been married 57 years. Do you remember McCall? McCally? He was chief of police for awhile here. Do you know his daughter? She went to high school ... She was a character, believe me. And, oh, we'd been married 40 some years. I went in to, at lunch time, to eat, and they had a lunch counter in the drugstore next to where I was, and we went in there. And I went in and one of the gals from Seaside, I think it was Mrs. Raw, and she said, "Oh! Do you know who this is?" she said to me. And I said, "No." And she said, "You'd ought to! You went to school with her!" And so then she said, "It isn't Altha?" And I said, "Yeah." Oh! And then we got to talking, and she said, "Are you married?" "Yes." She said, "Well I was; I had a son." "Any other kids?" "No. Well, you remember how when I went to school, I mean, how everybody they married their kids off, so everbody <had to?> raised their kids?" I said, "Yeah." "Well," she says, "When I had mine, I found I <word> a darn thing. <Laughter.> But the way she went into that <word>. That was Deana. <Phonetic: Dee-nuh.> And I told her it was 43 <years>, or something. "To the same man!" <Laughter.> "Yes, I've got him all broke in, I can't afford to break another one!"
H. What about Kemhus? Do you remember Clara Kemhus?
A. Oh yes.

H. Okay. She's working on all the school pictures and trying to get all, to get all of these names of people so ...
J. If she could get down to the museum.
H. Yeah. If you could go down and ...
A. Yeah. I will when we get back. We really should get together with all our old school people, and that's ... Ester Purnu in Astoria. Ester has kept track; she <words> out school. She has kept track of all of our schoolmates.
J. Ester Purnu?
H. Yeah, write that down.
A. I guess he <Ester's husband?> passed away. They have a bakery.
E. You think they still live up there?
A. I suppose. A beautiful home up there.
H. Well you ... Please come down to Seaside! I'd love to see your pictures.
A. Yes. Well, do you know Mrs. Edwards? Vi Edwards?
H. The name is familiar. I'm trying to remember who she is.
A. She's Amaranth and Eastern Star; and she's had a fit because we're leaving for California again. And so she insists that we have to get back in time for "installation." And so we told her we will. But we've been planing on coming down in Astoria and staying and visiting in Seaside and all. But after she wrote and told me about the house and sent me a piece in the paper that it was being moved and all, why then I got ... And I said, should I see if I had any pictures? And that's when I started looking around to see whether I had. And so ...
H. Well, I sure appreciate ...
A. So ... But Ester was a Comere ... Comeres?
J. How do you spell her last name?
A. Her name? P-e-r-n-u. Pernu.
H. <Leaving via front door.> Thank you!
A. She was a Seaside girl. She was a Palmrose wasn't she?
J. See you! <To Helen.> So you've got to run, huh?
A. ... lived out here on Palmrose ... Palmquist Road? Used to be where ...
J. Sundquist Road?
A. Sundquist Road! Yes! Sundquist Road. And they were the Palmroses. She was Ester Palmrose. And then her younger brother was a doctor in Astoria. And then Victor was her oldest brother. And then she had another sister. And I think her sister still lives down here.
H. Oh. My. Hers. It couldn't have been my husband <Robert Gaston>. Because, now that we're talking, because I didn't realize that you were as old as your are.
A. Oh.
H. He's going to be 65.
A. Oh. Well, you see I'm 79 and a ...
H. Yeah. It may have been an uncle.
A. Well it could have been. He was a small boy. He wasn't a big fellow, husky boy, he was a smaller boy. But I remember the gals ...
H. Or Ira.
A. I don't remember him.

H. But then Ira wasn't ... They were out at Astoria more than they were here.
A. Yeah?
H. They were underclass ...
A. Undergraduates. Yeah.
H. Yeah. They also lived out at Cla ...
A. There were the Blakes, you know, and the Niemis. Like Winnie Nimmo, Bob Wascher and all that. We were in all together.
J. She said she went with Bob Wascher before Winnie married him.
H. Oh?
A. Long before Winnie had a boy friend <word> ...
H. Oh?
A. Yes.
E. Is Clarence Owen still living?
H. Clarence Owen?
J. Yes, he is. I just spoke to his wife the other day, when I met his sister. Dagny Owen came through town the other day. Do you remember Dagny?
A. Yeah, I knew all the Owens. Yeah. Mrs. Owens and my mother were very close friends.
H. Okay. I want to say I sure got a lot out of ...
A. I'll come down and spend a whole day with you kids.
H. Good! Good! Okay. Thank you!
J. Yes. See you, Helen.
E. We were going to bring our trailer and stay down here a whole winter ...
J. Gosh yeah!
E. And we're selling it. A man's going to look at it tomorrow.
A. I don't know, but I'd like to come back and look at the wood around this place. <Altha refers to my woodcarvings.>
E. Yes. What kind of wood is that? <Dragonfly bowl.>
J. That's. Oh my! If you hadn't asked.
E. Walnut?
J. No. It's like, no rhododendron, but ... It's hawthorn! Hawthorn wood.
E. Is that hard wood?
J. Real hard wood, yeah.
A. You know my dad took some scotchbroom and used pieces and made, and inlaid a chair, a couple of chairs. And I don't know what ever happened to those chairs.
E. Well, you know my boss came down from Portland. And he was down here ...
A. Did you make these? <Ethiopian Coptic crosses.>
J. No. I bought those in Ethiopia. I make this kind of stuff like this. <Pointed to great blue heron sculpture, giant bear mask.>
E. ... Burnette, when he moved to Astoria he said, "Where can I buy some oak for my fireplace?" I said, "There's no oak in Clatsop County. Its going to cost you a fortune down here." "Oh," he said, "it only costs about $45 a load in Portland." "Yeah," I said, "that's that white scrub oak." I said, "There's no oak in Clatsop County. But as far as I'm concerned, you won't ..." But ...

A. Did you get these things?
J. I hunted in Africa. I lived overseas. My career was overseas with the government for 20 years, and I worked in the embassies overseas. So I've got some of these ... critters around.
E. Did you kill these things?
J. Yeah. In the days when I used to hunt. I got that all out of my system. This came from Africa too, a bushbuck. This <pair of wild boar's tusks> came from Baghdad ... or <actually> from Babylon.
E. And this?
A. I've seen those in pictures.
J. They are called an oryx.
E. That's real, huh?
J. Yeah. The females had horns like that, too. They looked like a bunch of picket fences going across the plains.
A. What's that?
J. That's a dikdik, the smallest antelope in the world. We used them for camp meat. They are like venison.
A. Oh.
E. Beautiful. Beautiful isn't it?
E. Oh! It's so beautiful.
E. Did you give him one shot first to give him a chance to get away? I'd have shot once, for ...
J. I didn't even mean to hit him. I thought ... Actually it was an accident ...
A. You made this too? <Pelican sculpture.>
J. Yeah. That's an old hunk of Douglas fir that came out a lady's home in Tillamook. She used to own the Headlight-Herald. <Elsie DeCook.>
A. Oh gosh.
E. Boy, that must keep you busy carving, huh?
A. And that over there?
E. Boy!
J. Yeah, I have fun at it. They are all over the house. Little ones and ...
A. If there are any of them ever missing, you'll find them at my house.
J. Well, we're sure glad you guys came by!
E. Yeah.
J. Thanks so much.
E. I can tell you about the Astoria fire.
J. I wish we had time to do that.
E. That was a big one.
A. Okay. Well, when we come back we will contact you. Well, I would just be thrilled to death if we'd come and stay a whole week!

<The Kerolas went out kitchen door with Ernie still telling me about the Astoria fire.>

—End Meeting, 1:40 p.m., October 12, 1985—

Jack M. Fosmark
321 N. Downing
Seaside, OR 97138

October 23, 1985

Mr. & Mrs. Ernest E. Kerola
Golden Village
37250 West Florida
Hemet, CA ~~97236~~ 92343

Dear Ernie & Altha:

I'm sending this letter registered to be sure you get your photos back.

You left just in time to miss our first winter storm.

Thanks for sharing with us your memories of old Seaside and the valuable information you gave on the old Butterfield cottages. I am still busy transcribing the tape recording and putting all the information into family group charts. I will make a list for you of unanswered questions that may come up.

The three photos (enclosed) copied fine. I now hold negatives so if you ever lose the originals I can send copies.

Thanks again, dear hearts, for your contribution to my own family history research as well as that involving Seaside Museum & Historical Society. I hope you will come spend more time with us next spring!

Yours truly,

Jack

12-16 55

NOTES BY [redacted]
DEC. 55 -
FILE [redacted]

[redacted] Hartley Hansen Jr
[redacted] Main St Church,
[redacted] I [redacted] because it was

... - The Nicholson was
[redacted] + H Ride used at
[redacted] the Pond Lange in
[redacted] the building were Copeland

street - at that time all streets
[redacted] were marked with 4.

+ the Thorn is one of the
[redacted] (married maybe 15 yrs ago by
[redacted] long) second husband. He
[redacted] Thorn

the 1930's I delivered the
[redacted] until early 1936 + he was one
[redacted] at that time on

my customers ...
[redacted] Broadway close by Roosevelt.
[redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [

Page 9. Altho Central was not known as To Central School. It had To be the old school which is now a church.

Central was not built until early 30's + I believe it was first used in '23.

Page 17 Nelson + Nicholson Garage - The Nicholson was Harry who were in the auto Edith + 4 kids lived at Seattle Ave in Seaside. He was a Ford dealer in Seaside at one time. Located in the building where Copeland Lumber is now

32- Columbia was called 3rd Street - at that time all streets N. of Broadway & avenues were Numbered + those South lettered.

33- The name on the corner of 4th + the Trail is one of the Butterfield Brothers, completely remodeled maybe 15 yrs ago by Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Welty (Hallberg Bldg) second husband. He was a psychiatrist. The name 4 houses on Trail.

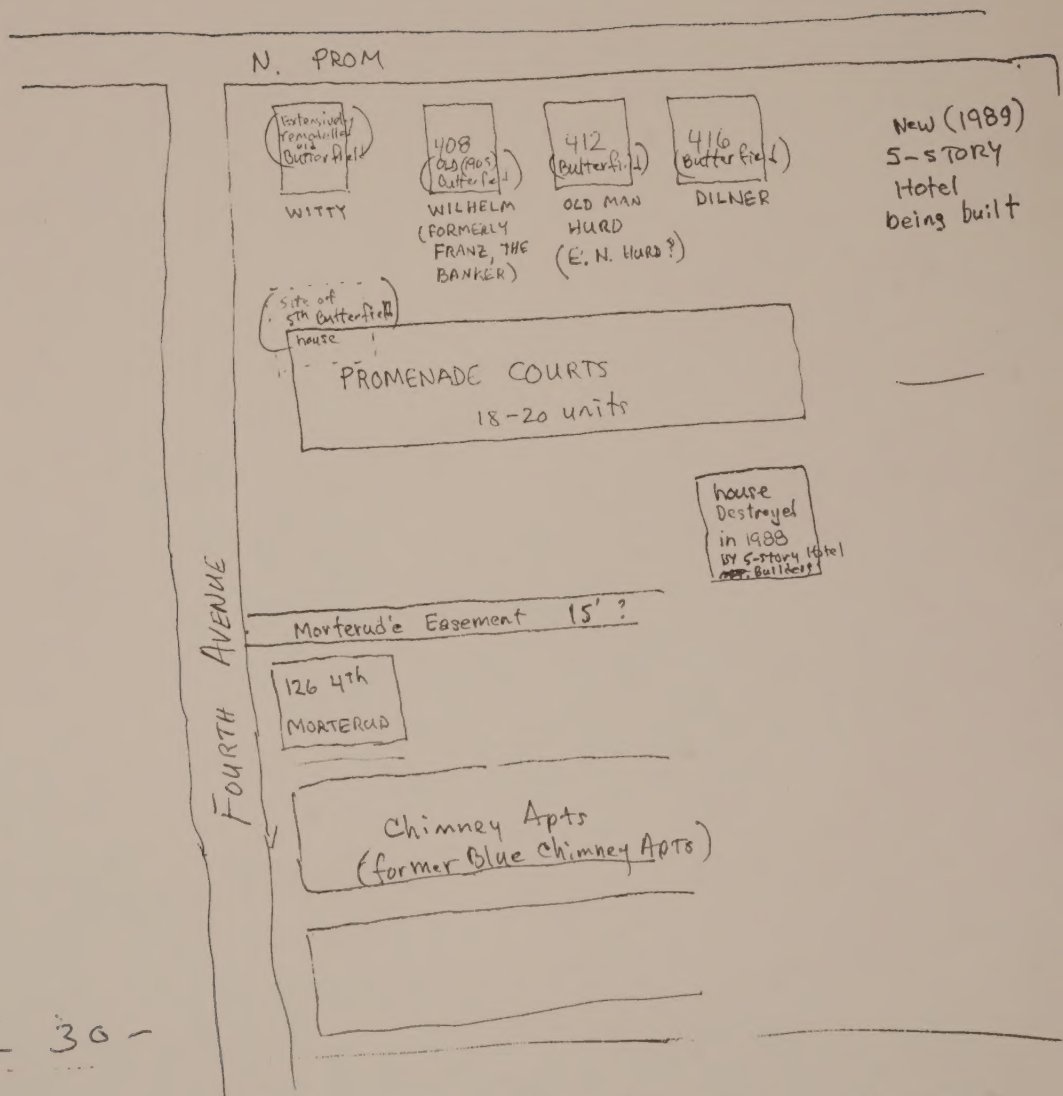
37 Mr Otto was still alive in the 1930's. I delivered the Portland News. Telegram from 1930 until early 1936 + he was one of my customers. He had his store at that time On East Broadway. close by Roosevelt.

(1) I remember when Mr Otto store at Broadway & Downing was sold. It was to the Lundberg or Lundgren who bought it

[illegible] from [illegible] The Haggerty Brothers, Frank + Bert [illegible] store. Bert mainly worked there. Frank was very involved with the Methodist Church. He owned the large house + several cottages on 3rd Ave. just east of the church. He was a

veteran of the Spanish American War + every year he came to the grade school (Central) to spend several days showing us his souvenirs & telling of his experiences. His speech was always the same and after a couple of years anyone of us could have recited it. I never knew his daughter. She was probably much older than I. I went through 12 years of school with Bert's daughter, Josephine.

The hardware store was ~~along the alley~~ where the south east part of Safeway is now.






Helen Gaston called to say my paper on Altha has disappeared from Seaside Museum. She wants a copy for a "Mr DENNON" (SP) editor of Cumtux

01.102.002